

NOVEMBER

No. 28

10¢

SMASH COMICS®

FEATURING

MIDNIGHT



THE RAY



BOZO THE
ROBOT



ESPIONAGE



THE JESTER



WINGS
WENDALL



ROOKIE
RANKIN



WITH



DOC. WACKEY

AND



GABBY

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

I SHOULDN'T HAVE SENT HIM ALONE TO PUERTO RICO. HE WAS COVERING THE FLEET MANEUVERS. GRAB THE NEXT CLIPPER! YOU'RE TAKING DAVE'S PLACE... AND FIND OUT WHO KILLED HIM AND WHY!



HAPPY AND BUD SPEED THROUGH RED TRAFFIC LIGHTS AND CATCH THE SHIP A MOMENT BEFORE TAKE-OFF.

LUCKY FOR US CORY HAD TICKETS, EH, HAP?



UH..ER..OH YES, BUD. HOW DO YOU LIKE YONDER SEÑORITA?

AW, NUTS..I AIN'T INTERESTED IN WOMEN.



BUT BUD'S GAZE LINGERS LONG ENOUGH TO SEE A FURTIVE HAND DIP INTO THE LADY'S PURSE.



THAT'S RIGHT, HAPPY. THE LUG WAS FISHING IN HER HAND-BAG?



I'LL TEND TO HIM, BUD.

WHAT TH??



ZO! THAT EES WHAT I WANT TO KNOW.. YOU SNAKE YOU!

STEWART! MAKE HER SIT DOWN?

AW.. HUSH UP, SISTER?



DON'T TRY ANY TRICK, FELLA. JUST HAND OVER WHAT YOU STOLE FROM HER BAG?



WHIRLING SUDDENLY, THE GIRL TUGS AT HAPPY'S SLEEVE.

OH, NO! EET EES ALL A BEEG MISTAKE! PLEASE! I'M ZO ZORRY!



THE ACE REPORTER WHISPERS TO BUD.

SHE CHANGED HER MIND TOO SUDDENLY. WE'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON BOTH OF THEM.



SEVERAL HOURS PASS BEFORE THE HUGE CLIPPER DRONES UPON SAN JUAN HARBOR

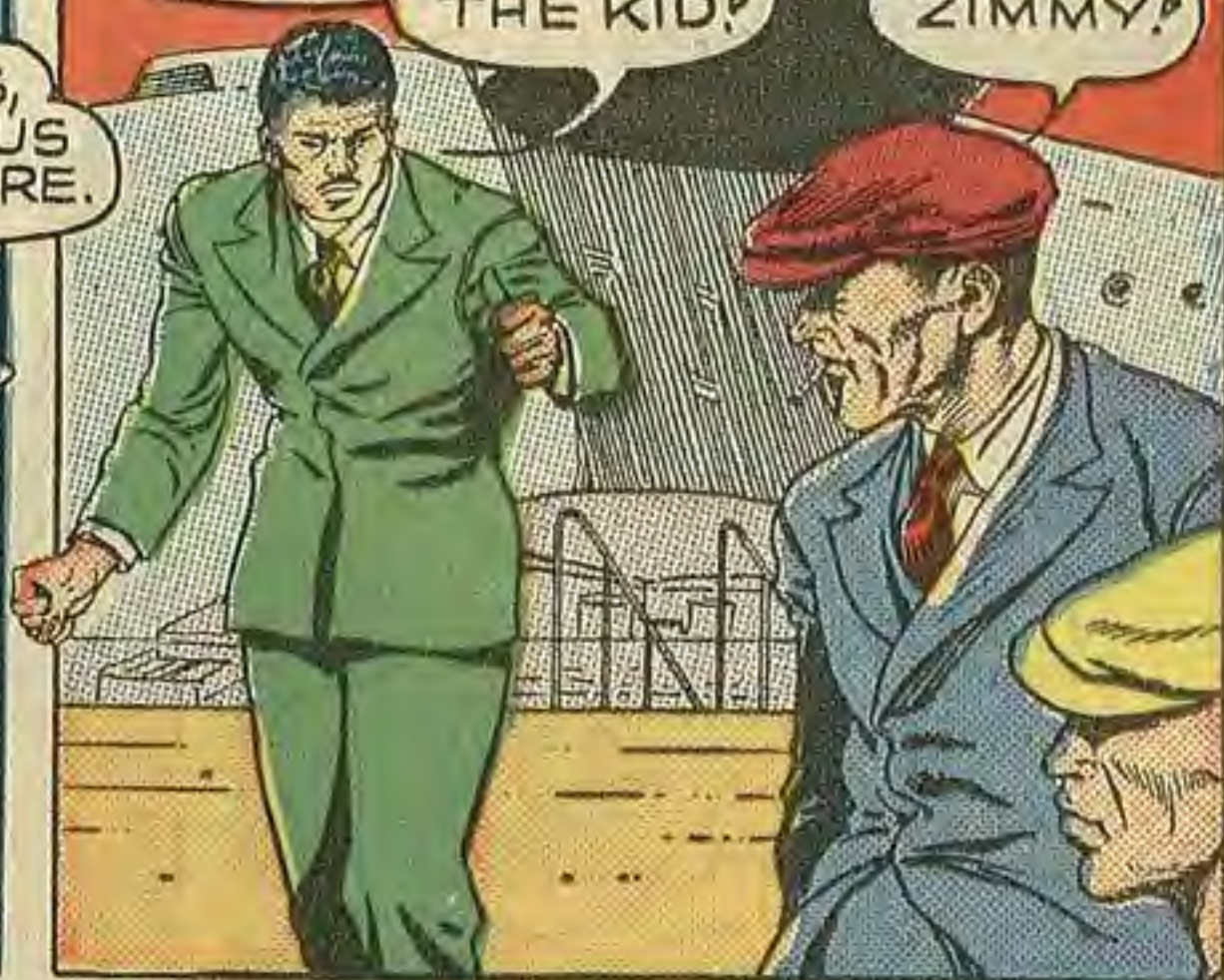
PSST! THAT FELLOW IS GETTING NERVOUS, BUD. HE'S ANXIOUS TO GET ASHORE.



TERRILL'S DEDUCTION IS CORRECT, BUT HE DOESN'T HEAR THE MAN'S COMMAND TO HIS GRIM-FACED HENCHMEN.

LOOIE? TAG AFTER CHITA.. AND YOU, SLIM.. FOLLOW THAT GUY WITH THE KID?

OKAY, ZIMMY!



PLEASE.. MEET ME TONIGHT AT THE RITZ CAFE.

I'LL BE THERE.. ER, HERE'S YOUR CAB.



LEAVING BUD ALONE AT THE HOTEL, HAPPY KEEPS HIS RENDEZVOUS.

YOU'RE A NEWS-MAN, YES? I HAVE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT FOR YOU?

LET'S HEAR IT!



MEANWHILE BUD IS TOO ENGROSSSED IN HIS BOOK TO HEAR THE DOOR CREAK OPEN.



AND WITH SWIFT CUNNING, SLIM CARRIES OUT ZIMMY'S ORDERS.



BUT BUD BREAKS LOOSE AS THE PHONE RINGS.

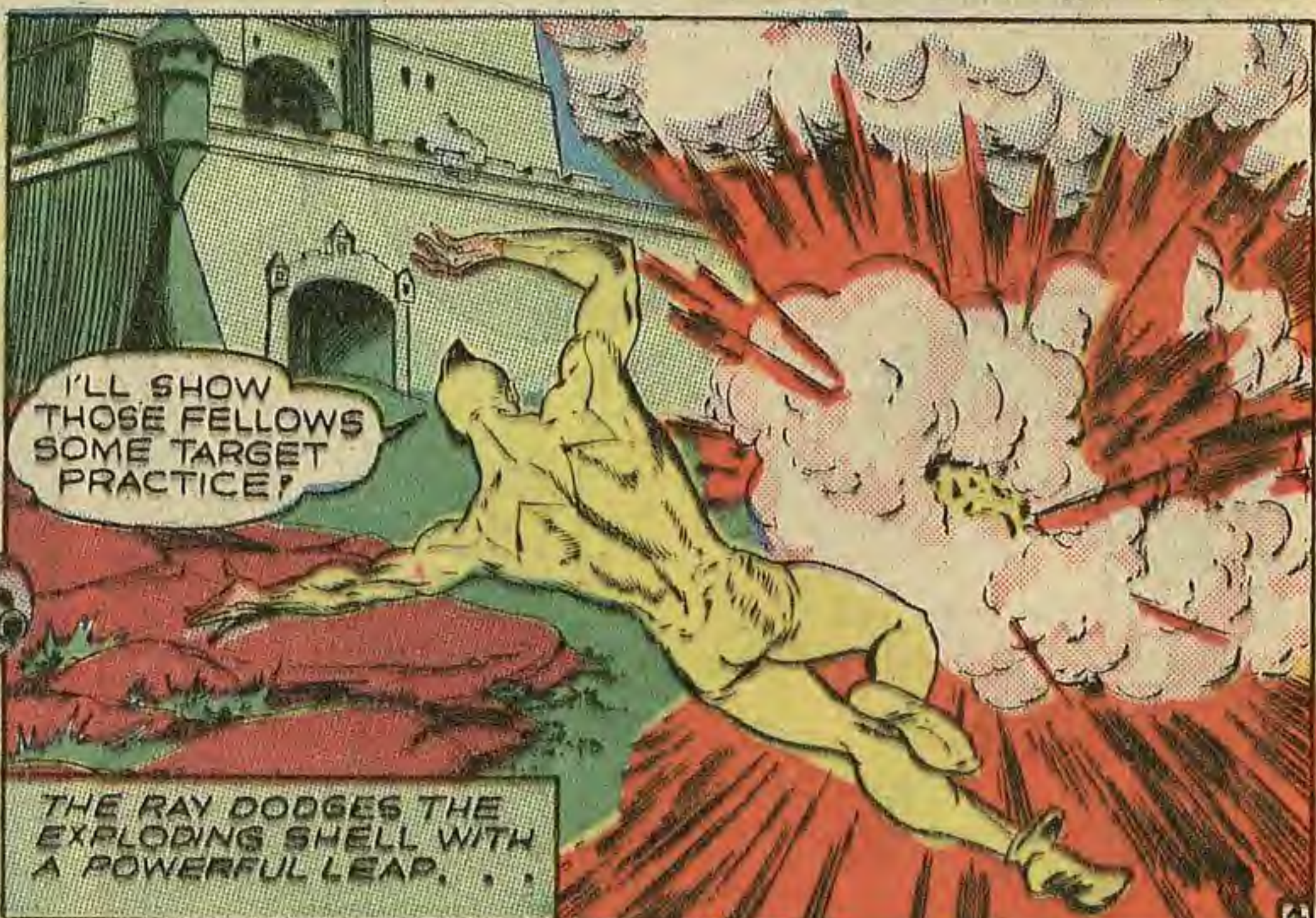
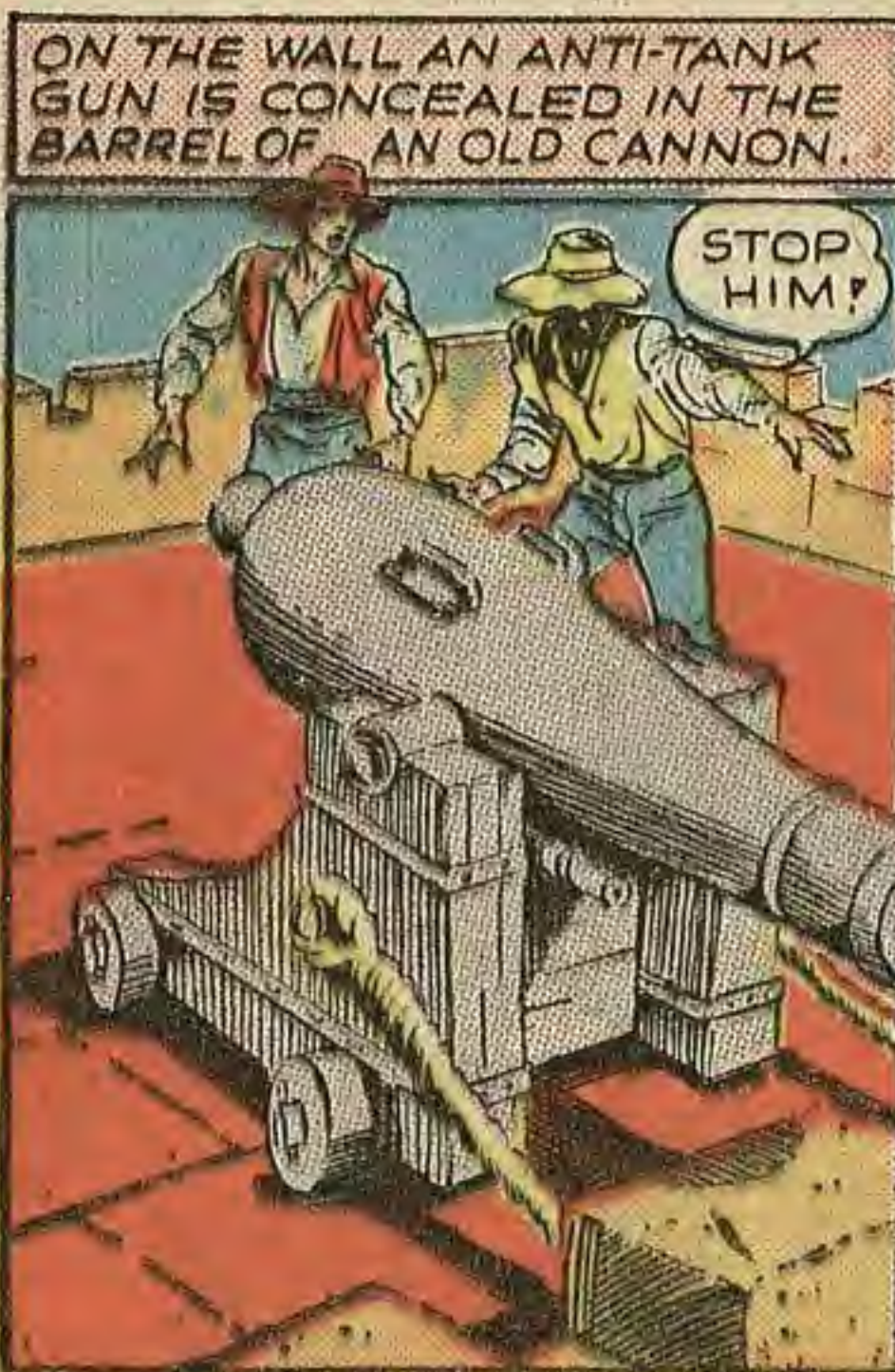
OW!



HELLO, HAPPY? YES ONE OF THE PURSE DIPPER'S PALS JUST BUSTED IN HERE.. LOOKS LIKE THEY WANT ME AS A HOSTAGE. MAKE IT SNAPPY, FELLA?

WHY YOU CENSORED







SCALING THE WALL, HE SCORES A DOUBLE STRIKE.



LEAD ME TO THE SECRET ENTRANCE, YOU LUGS.. AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

SI, SEÑOR! BUT WE DO NOT KNOW ZE PASS-WORD!

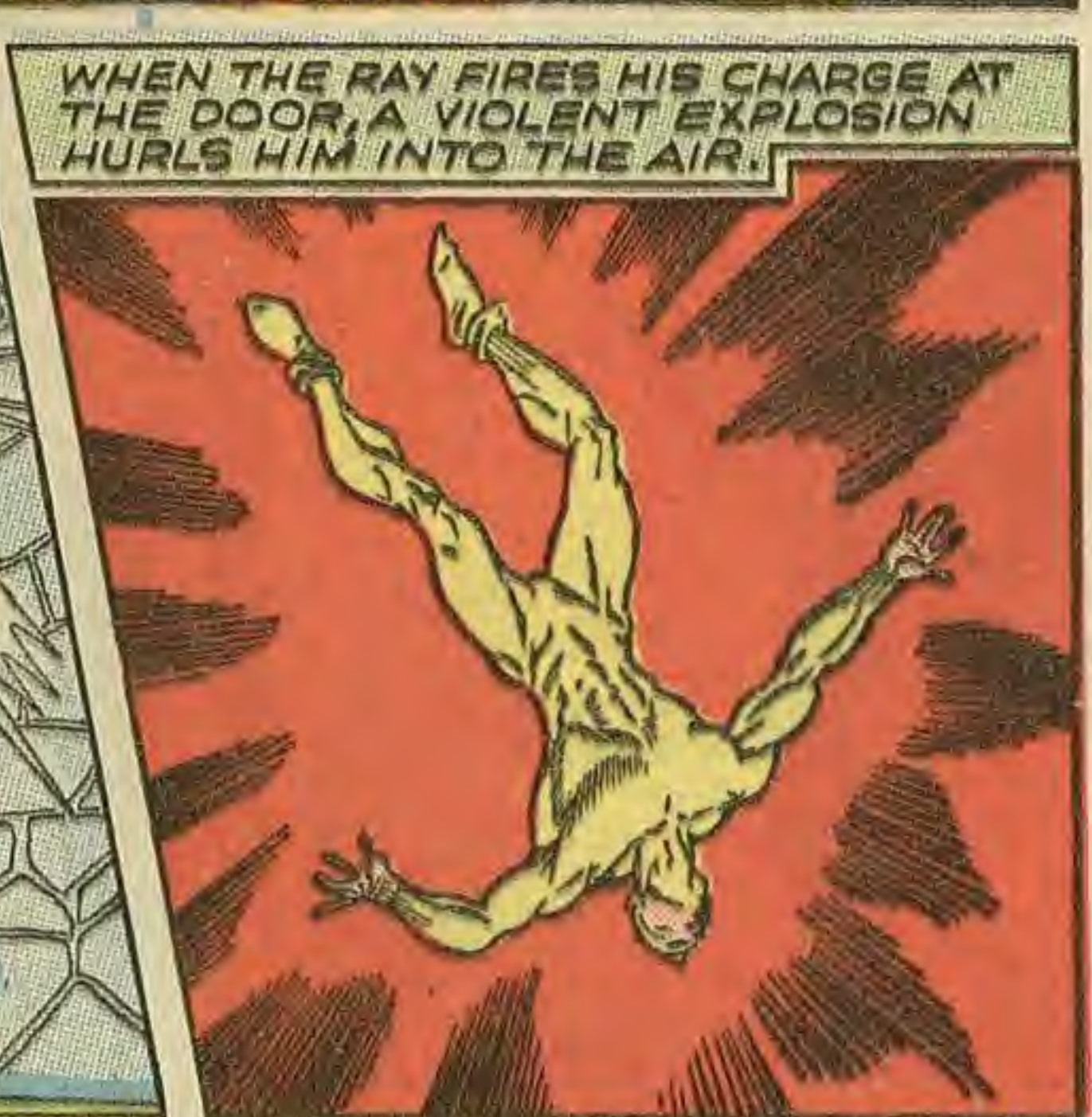


TERRIFIED BY THE RAY'S DYNAMIC STRENGTH, THE GUNNER BREAKS DOWN.

GO TO LEETLE DOOR OVER HERE....YOU SAY "ZAPATERO"!



I'LL USE MY OWN PASS-WORD. IT NEVER FAILS!

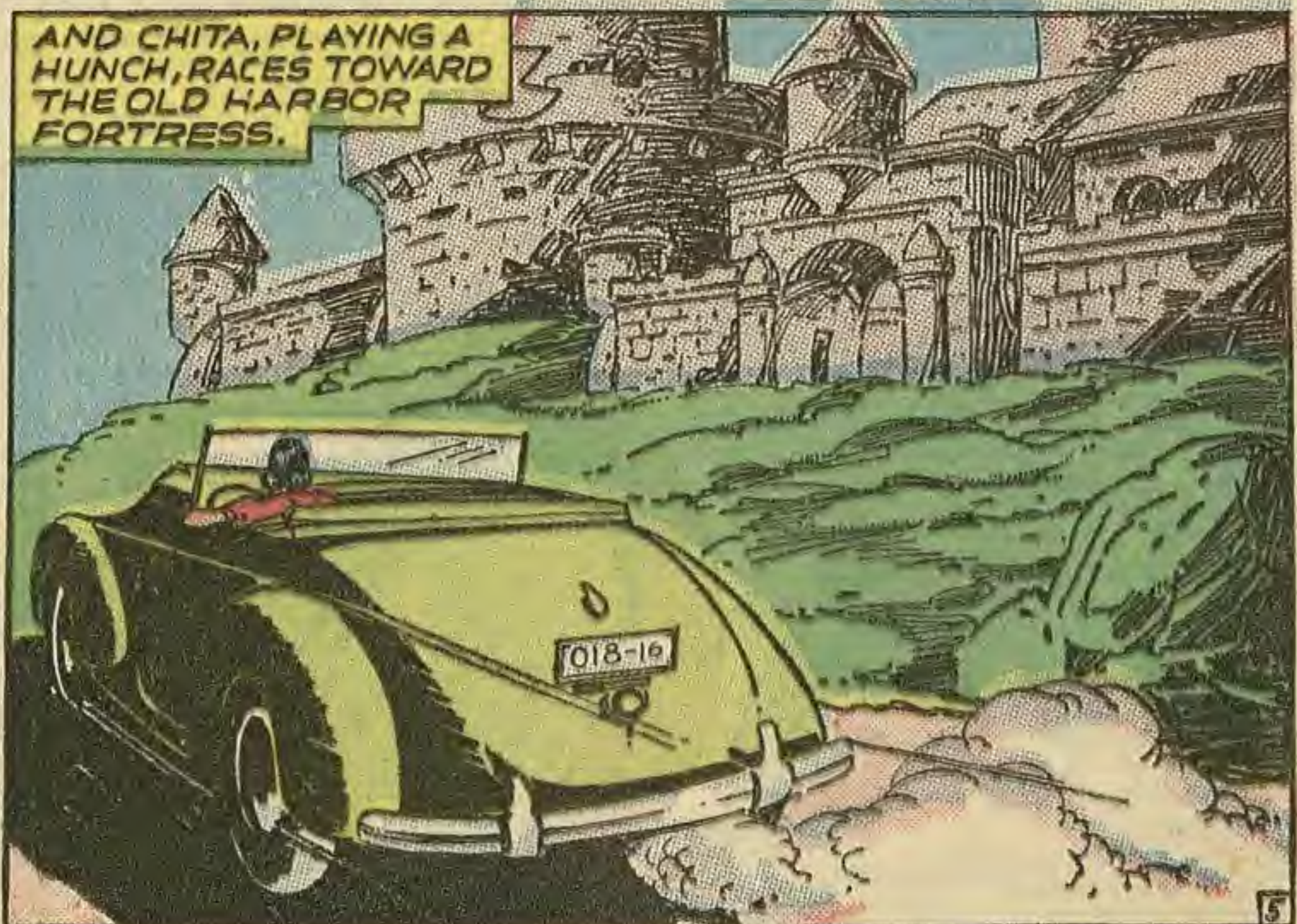


WHEN THE RAY FIRES HIS CHARGE AT THE DOOR, A VIOLENT EXPLOSION HURLS HIM INTO THE AIR.



THE BLAST DRAWS BUD TO HIS CELL WINDOW.

MY GOSH..IT'S THE RAY..AND HE'S HURT! I'VE GOTTA BREAK OUT OF HERE!



AND CHITA, PLAYING A HUNCH, RACES TOWARD THE OLD HARBOR FORTRESS.

BUT ZIMMERMAN RUSHES INTO THE COURTYARD...



I'LL GIVE HIM A COUPLE JUST TO MAKE SURE HE'S DEAD?

CHITA SCALES THE WALL AND SNAPS A FAST SHOT.



NOW I'LL SETTLE THE SCORE WITH YOU, ZIMMY!

A LOOSE BRICK SPOILS HER AIM, SENDING HER PLUNGING INTO THE YARD.



WHIRLING ABOUT, THE MASTER CROOK SWOOPS TOWARD HER



JEEPERS! THAT DAME ALMOST GOT ME, BUT SHE'LL NEVER LIVE TO TRY AGAIN!

BEHIND HIS BACK, THE RAY RISES PAINFULLY.



THE RAY'S IMPREGNABLE MIGHT DRIVES ZIMMERMAN TO AN ESCAPE DOOR.



WHEW! I'M TAKIN' NO CHANCES AGAINST THAT GUY!

OH, MY HEAD!

TELL ME, SEÑORITA... WHY DID YOU TRY TO KILL THAT MAN?



HE KEELED DAVE KNOX, THE MAN I LOVED, BUT DAVE HAD TOLD ME TO FOLLOW ZIM TO NEW YORK!

AND THERE I FOUND THAT ZIM WAS AN AMERICAN GANGSTER WORKING FOR THE NAZIS... SECRETLY HE IS STORING DYNAMITE IN THEES FORT. WHEN SHE BLOWS UP, THE U.S. DEFENSES IN THE HARBOR WILL BE DESTROYED!



SO THAT'S WHY THE CROOK FISHED IN HER PURSE... HE SUSPECTED HER...



GO BACK TO YOUR CAR, SEÑORITA. THE TROUBLE IS JUST STARTING!

STREAKING ACROSS THE YARD, THE RAY SPRINGS OVER THE BATTLEMENTS.

WITH DYNAMITE AROUND, I CAN'T THROW MY RAY ENERGY CARELESSLY.. BUT I'VE STILL GOT MY FISTS!



WELL WELL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE.. STEP RIGHT UP, FELLAS.



ARMED WITH BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN WEAPONS, THE CUTTHROATS CHARGE.

LET HEEM HAVE EET!



YOW!

LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN LAND ON YOUR FEET!



WITH THUNDERBOLT FORCE THE RAY BATTERS DOWN ZIMMERMAN'S MURDEROUS CREW.

THIS ISN'T A WAR GAME! IT'S THE REAL THING!

ARROUGH?



WATCHING THE LIGHTNING FRAY, BUD GRASPS THE BARS IN EXCITEMENT.

HEY! THIS ONE IS RUSTED OUT! HERE I COME, RAY!



FEARLESSLY BUD LEAPS FROM HIS CELL WINDOW TO THE PARAPETS.

THERE'S A ROPE.. HOT ZIGGETY



GANGWAY, YOU LUGS! I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH YOU!





HY YA, RAY.. THAT WASN'T A BULLSEYE, BUT I'LL BET HE FELT IT?

THE LITTLE RASCAL GOT LOOSE?

KEEL THEES HOMBRE, QUEEK, ZIMMIE?

TRIP HIM! SHOVE HIM OFF THE WALL!

THAT'S THE STUFF, BUD?



THE THRILL OF A FIGHT GETS INTO BUD'S VEINS.

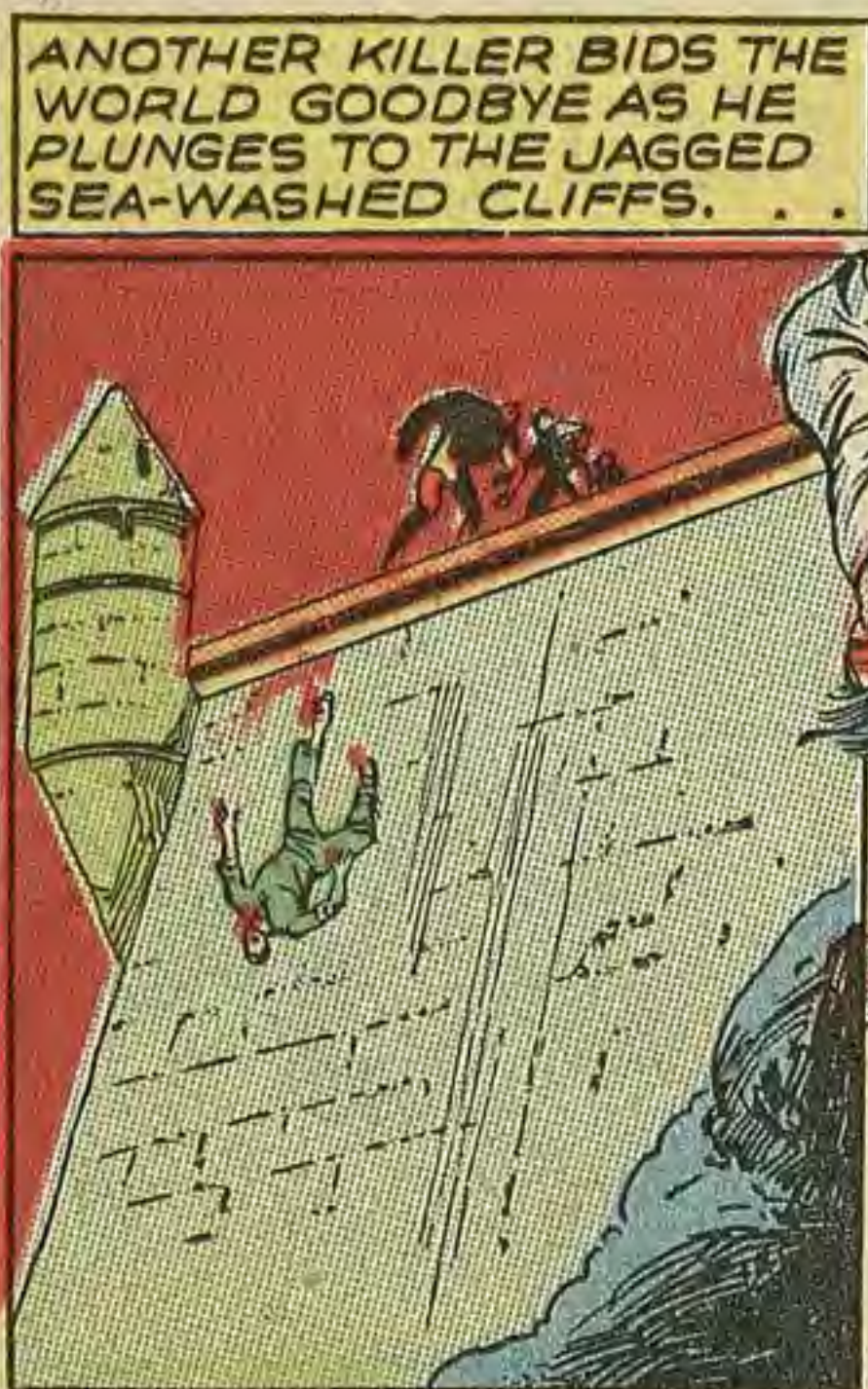
..AND THIS IS FOR BUSTING IN ON MY PHONE TALK WITH HAPPY?

OOF?



THE RAY'S FIST SMASHES LIKE AN ELECTRIC SLEDGE HAMMER ON ZIMMERMAN'S JAW.

DAVE KNOX SENT ME A MESSAGE FROM THE GRAVE, HE SAID TO PAY HIS RESPECTS TO YOU?

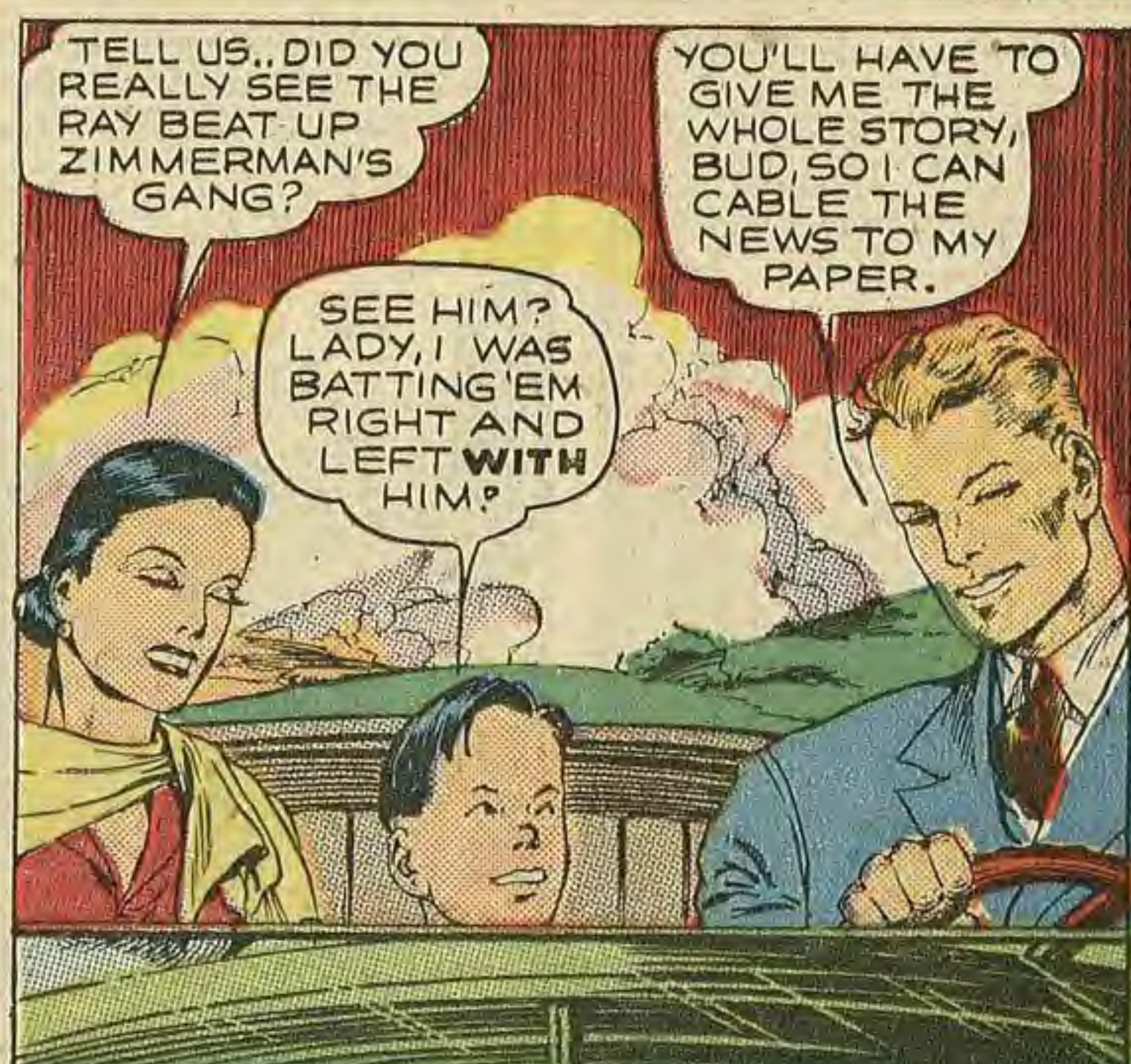
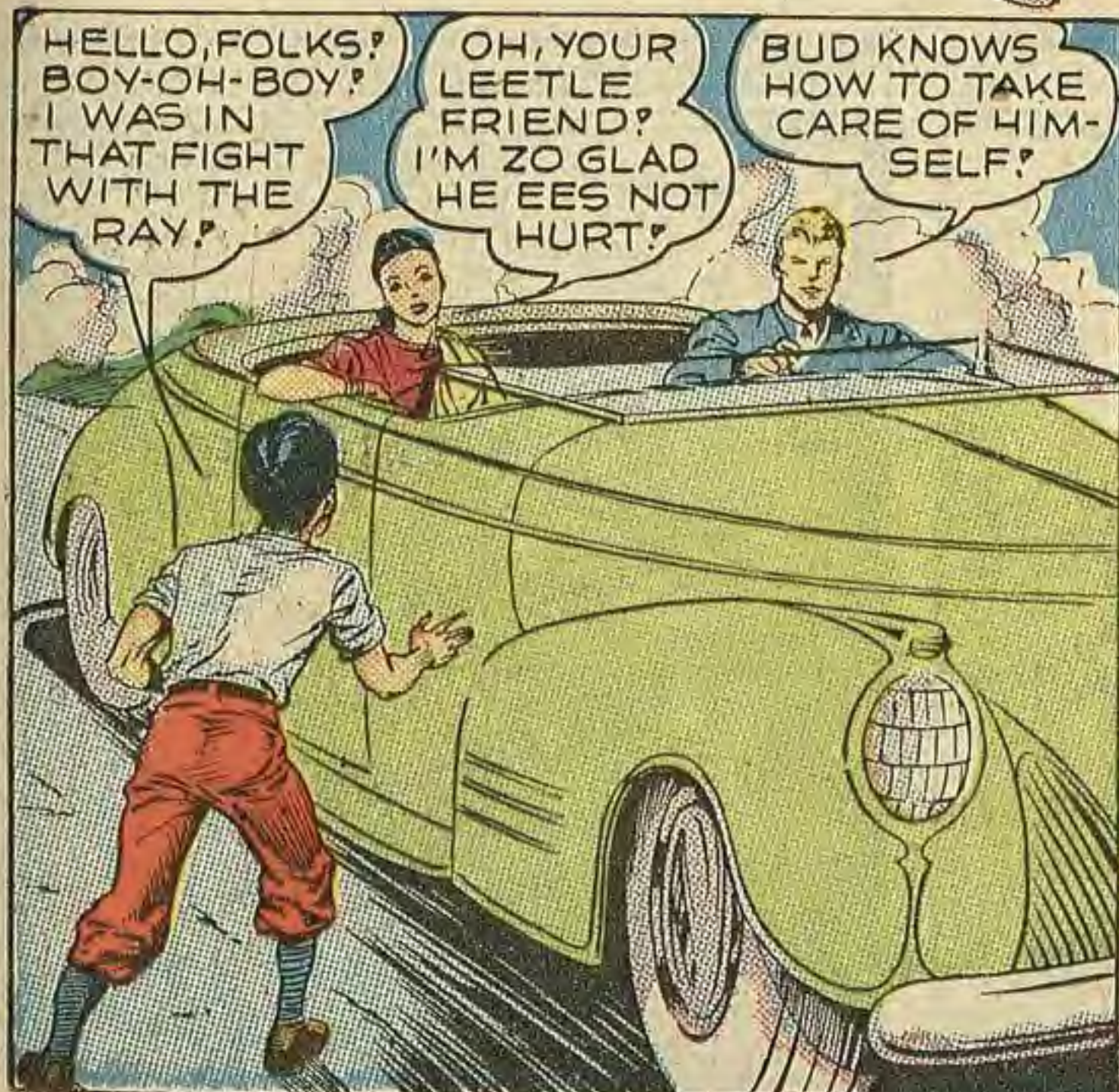
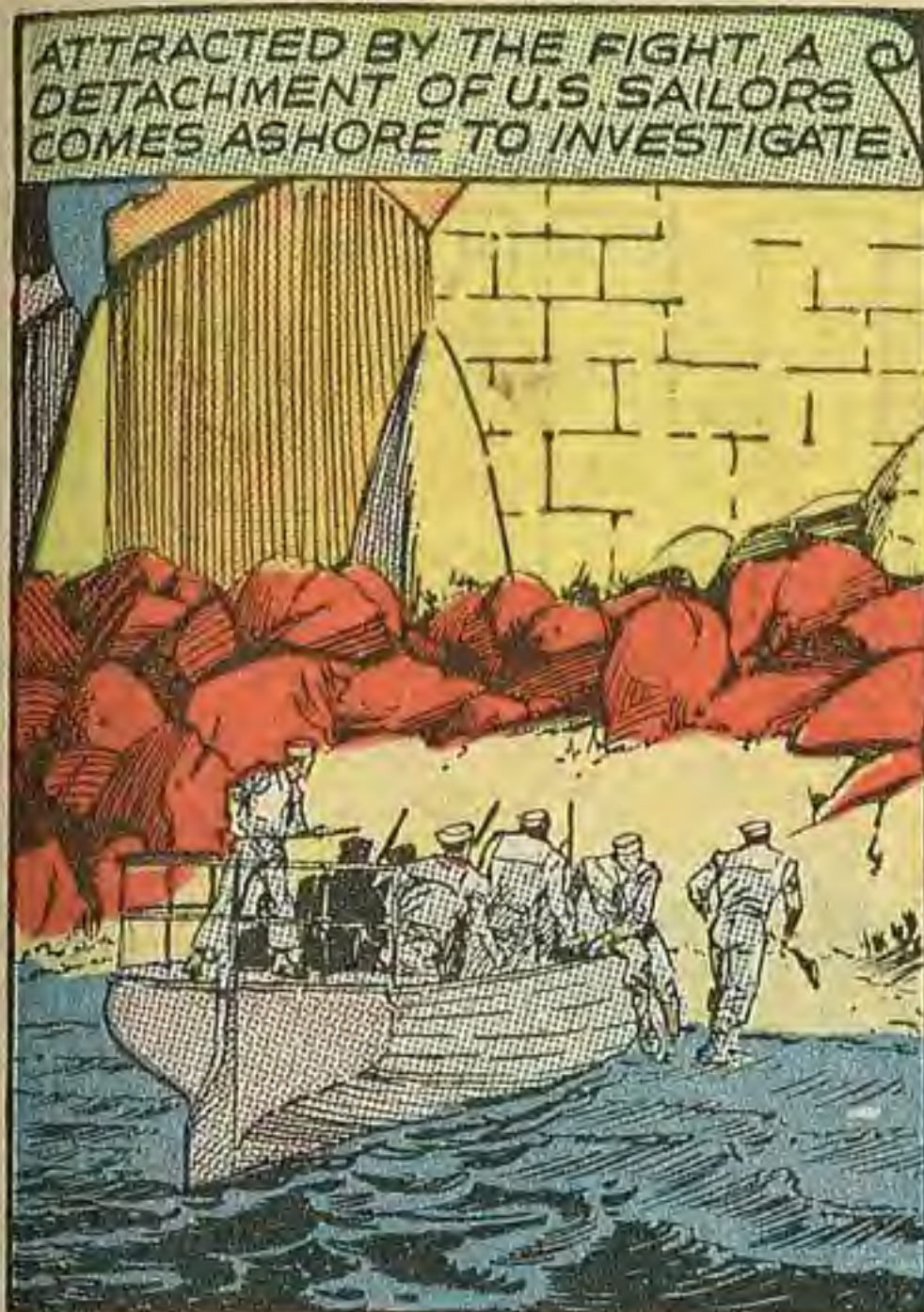


ANOTHER KILLER BIDS THE WORLD GOODBYE AS HE PLUNGES TO THE JAGGED SEA-WASHED CLIFFS. . .



TORN AND REELING FROM THEIR PUNISHMENT, THE THUGS LOSE CONTROL OF THE FORTRESS.

WELL, I GUESS THIS WINDS UP THE FRACAS, AND LOOK WHAT'S COMIN'!



More daring adventures of The Ray in the December issue of SMASH COMICS.

MIDNIGHT

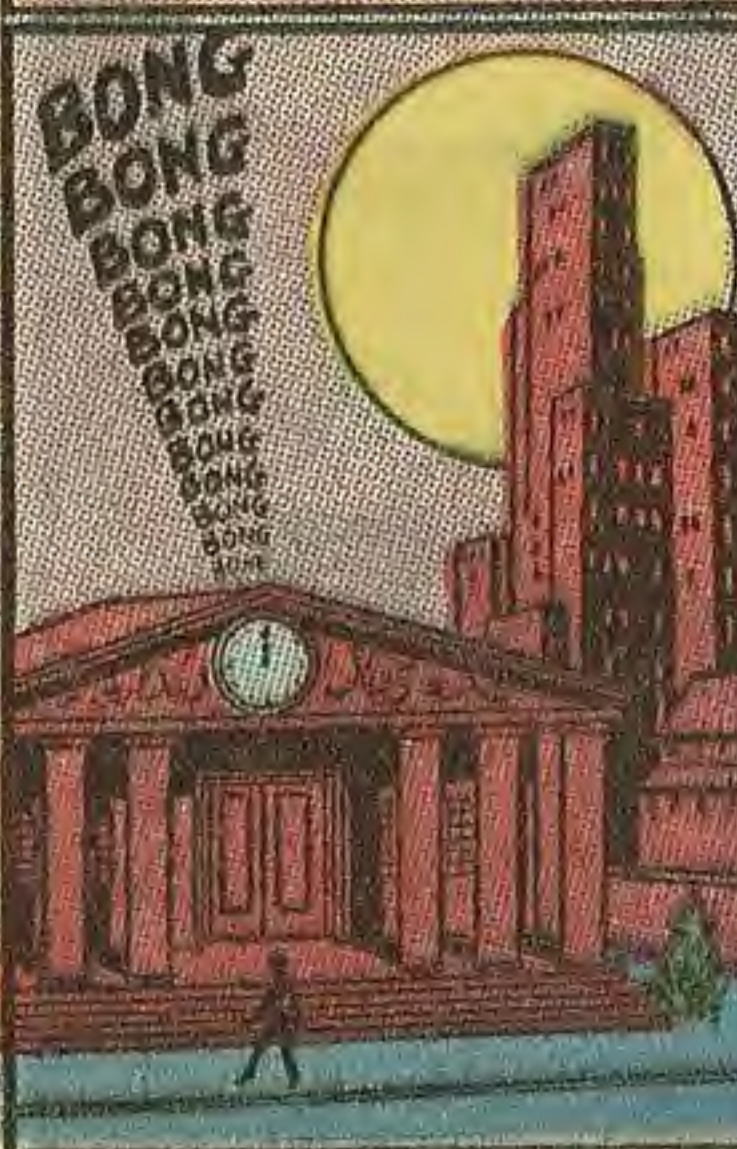
by
Jack Cole



BY DAY HE IS
JUST DAVE CLARK,
SPOT ANNOUNCER
FOR STATION UXAM,
BUT WHEN NIGHT
SHADOWS FALL
HE DONS THE
GARB OF MIDNIGHT,
CHAMPION OF RIGHT



IT IS LATE EVENING IN
BIG CITY... THE CITY HALL
CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE.
THE HOUR OF **MIDNIGHT!**



AND IN A NEARBY BANK...



BUT AS THEY LEAVE THE BUILDING...



THEN ANOTHER THUG FLIES UP:

FIRST GUS NOW SPIKE! IT-IT'S S-S-S-SPOOKEY, THAT'S WHAT!

ATOP THE BANK BUILDING, USING HIS AMAZING VACUUM GUN IS THAT EVER VIGILANT MIDNIGHT!

HERE'S THE LAST ONE GAB!!

HALP!

LEMME AT 'IM!!

WE'RE IN YOUR POWER, BUB... BUT HOW TH' DEVIL DID YOUSE DO IT?

EASY, RAT... I FIRE THIS SUCTION CUP AT YOUR FOREHEAD WITH THIS REVOLVER. THE CUP IS CONNECTED TO THE GUN BY A SUPER-STRONG CORD WHICH IS WOUND UP ON AN AUTOMATIC REEL! **SATISFIED?**

YEAH, I'M SATISFIED... NOW STEP BACK OR I'LL LET FLY WITH THIS NITRO!

I DON'T THINK YOU'D RISK KILLING US BOTH!

OH NO? WATCH THAT WATER TOWER!!

DON'T FOOL!

GEE!

BOOM!

HE DID IT!!

WATER CATARACTS OVER THE ROOF REVIVING THE TWO THUGS WHO WERE KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BY GABBY:

TIMES WASTIN' GUYS! FOLLOW ME!

WHERE AM I?

BLUB

I SAW 'EM MIDNIGHT... THEY WENT DOWN THE STAIRWAY!

PRETTY CLEVER, BREAKING THE WATER TANK TO REVIVE HIS CRONIES!

BUT WE'LL STOP 'EM!

DOWN ONTO THE STREET THEY GO

HIKE!...CAN'T LET 'EM GET OUT OF SIGHT!

BUT DO YA HAFTA PULL MY ARMS OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS?



WE'RE
GAINING!

NO! THEY'RE
SLOWING
DOWN.....
GOING TO
STOP!

MIDNIGHT AND GABBY GASP AT THE
SIGHT THAT GREET'S THEIR EYES...



WHA-??
WELL I-!!
OF ALL-!!
THEY'RE
GETTING IN
A BOAT!

?

HURRY UP!
WE AINT
GOT ALL
NIGHT!!

THEN THE BOAT SPEEDS OFF,
PLOWING RIGHT THROUGH THE EARTH



I'M
SPEECHLESS!!

I'M
WEAK!

A BOAT SAILING IN DIRT!!
WHAT A GETAWAY CRAFT....
NO CAR CAN FOLLOW THEM!!
BUT HOW DO THEY DO
IT?? THE LIGHT ON THE
BOW PROBABLY LIQUIFIES
THE EARTH IN FRONT OF
THEM AND IT HARDENS AGAIN
AFTER THEY HAVE PASSED!!



LET'S FOLLOW
THE TRACK
IT MADE!

THE TRAIL LEADS THEM TO AN
IMMENSE OLD CASTLE....



THERE'S
THEIR
HANGOUT!

SHADES
OF NIGHT!

THEY APPROACH STEALTHILY....



NICE OF THEM
TO LEAVE THE
DRAWBRIDGE
DOWN!!

TOO NICE!
I'M THINKIN'
SUPPOSE IT'S
A TRAP!



Suddenly

GOOD
GOSH-WE'RE
RISING!!

THEY'RE
LIFTING TH
BRIDGE!

IT IS A
TRAP!



OW!!
SPLINTERS!

HOLD
YOUR!
HATS!

INTO THE CASTLE THEY SLIDE!



WELCOME!
MIDNIGHT!
WE'VE BEEN
EXPECTING
YOU!



SOMETIME LATER...

YOU GUYS ALL SET?... GOT YOUR INSTRUCTIONS RIGHT? I **DON'T WANT ANY SLIP-UPS!!**

PERF. BOSS!
WE CAN'T MISS!!

IT'S A CINCH!



DON'T FORGET: CRUISE RIGHT INTO **BIG CITY**... USE THE **LIQUIFYING RAY** WHEREVER NECESSARY... MELT DOWN ALL RESISTANCE AND BRING BACK **EVERY DOLLAR IN THE CITY!** — NOW **G-IT!**



AND SO THEY SET OUT BENT ON THE BIGGEST MASS ROBBERY IN HISTORY...



BACK IN THE CASTLE...

HAVE AN ORANGE MONK!... MIGHT AS WELL LOOSEN UP AND TALK! — YOU'LL BE HERE FOR A LONG TIME!

WOULDN'T GIVE HIM THE SATISFACTION



AND I WON'T EAT YOUR CONTAMINATED GRUB!

TAKE IT BACK!

BUM!

MMP
ULP
FEET



WHY YOU LITTLE —!!

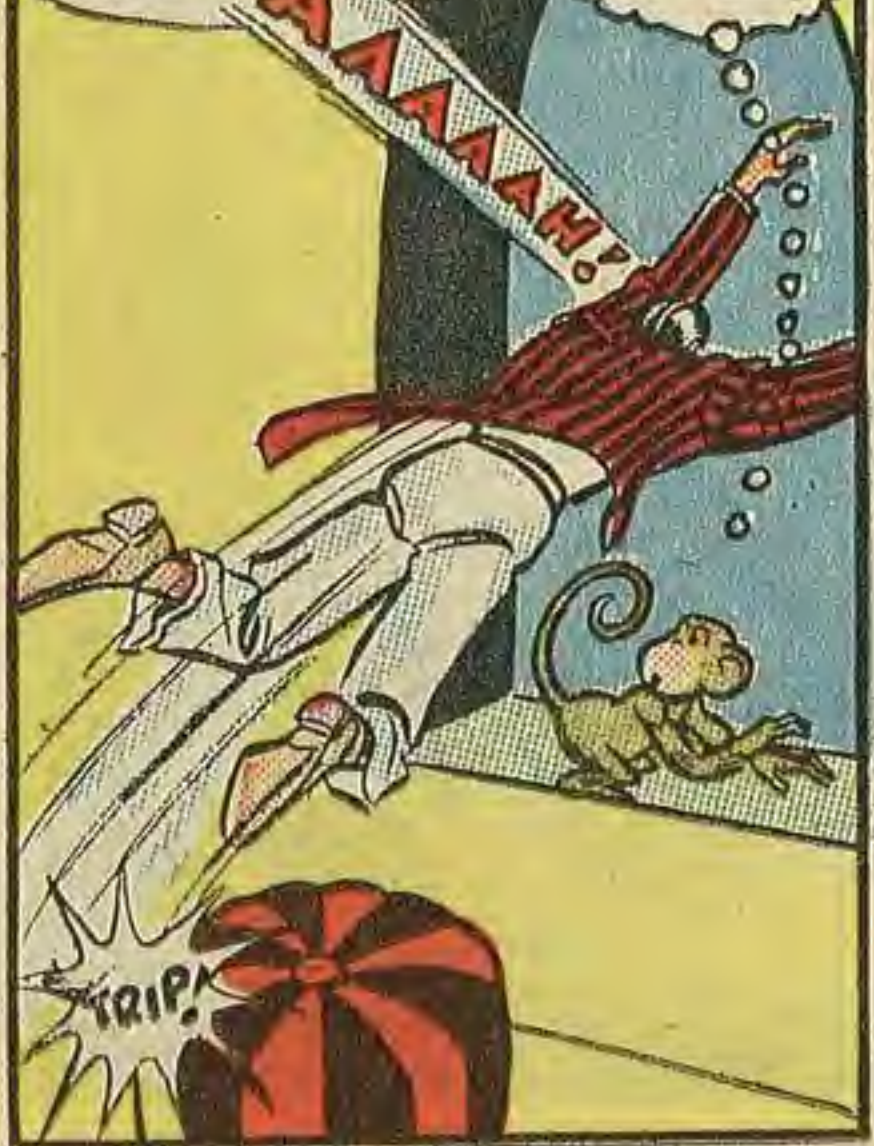
I'LL MELT YOU INTO **SOUP** WITH ONE FLASH OF MY **LIQUIFYING RAY!**

MISSED! THANKS FOR CUTTING ME LOOSE!!



COME BACK HERE, YOU!! I'LL —

GOSH! HE TRIPPED!



INTO THE MOAT! THE **ELECTRIC EELS** WILL KNOCK HIM COLD AND HE'LL DROWN!



GOTTA FIND MIDNIGHT!

HEY PA! MIDNIGHT! MIDNIGHT! MIDNIGHT! DYA HEAR ME?

DOWN HERE!





MORE OF MIDNIGHT AND HIS GANG IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **SMASH COMICS!**



HEY, GUARD! - SEND IN THOSE APPLICANTS FOR THE STENOGRAPHER'S JOB - SEND 'EM IN ONE AT A TIME!

YOU BET, YOUR MAJESTY!



...AND I HOLD SIXTY-SIX WORLD'S STENOGRAPHIC RECORDS

THAT'S NICE - NOW, DON'T SLAM THE DOOR - NEXT!



I CAN WRITE TEN TIMES FASTER THAN YOU CAN TALK - SHALL I ILLUSTRATE

NO, JUST GO AWAY - NEXT!



YOU'RE HIRED! - I MEAN HELLO, SIT DOWN!



ER - WHAT'S THIS THING, MISTER?

HUH? - IT'S A TYPEWRITER - OH, NEVER MIND - LET'S TRY DICTATION!



TAKE THIS DOWN - DEFENSES WEAK ON THE O'TOOLE LINE. TANKS CAN TAKE 'EM ANY TIME - OUR ARMY COULDN'T LICK A FLEA AND OUR NAVY ST- I MEAN SINKS IF IT GOES TO SEA



ALL RIGHT - READ IT BACK TO ME

DON'T HAVE TO - I'LL REMEMBER IT!



BUT I COULD NEVER BE A STENOGRAPHER - GOOD BYE

I DON'T MIND IF YOU'RE DUMB! HEY! WHERE'D THAT PLANE COME FROM?



HEY, BOSS - THAT DAME SHE WAS A SPY!

A SPY? DON'T BE SILLY - SHE WAS TOO DUMB TO RECOGNIZE A SOFT JOB WHEN SHE SAW IT!





The JESTER

by Paul Gustavson

ROOKIE, CHUCK LANE
POUNDS THE PAVEMENT.
WITH NOTHING TO DO
EXCEPT WEAR OUT
SHOE LEATHER.....



BUT SUDDENLY... ABOUT A
BLOCK AHEAD OF HIM A
FIGURE SINKS TO THE PAVE-
MENT... RIDDLED WITH LEAD....

THE TINKLING OF MERRY BELLS AND A MERRY
LAUGH SEEM HARMLESS..... BUT THEY ARE THE
SIGNAL FOR A HUMAN TORNADO... AND
THE JESTER'S WAY OF TELLING THAT HE'LL STRIKE!!



... AND THE
KILLER DARTS INTO
AN ALLEY!!
AND DISAPPEARS!



MAYBE I'M SEEING
THINGS! WELL... DON'T
JUST STAND HERE,
YOU DOPE!!



THAT GUY LOOKS VERY FAMILIAR TO ME!



HOLY MACKEREL.. ANOTHER ONE OF TINY GANO'S MOB FINISHED!!



HEH.. HEH... S'LONG COPPER!



WELL..!! I THINK THIS IS A JOB FOR SOMEONE ELSE... MORE ON THE ORDER OF THE JESTER!!

SO, BEFORE LONG, CHUCK LANE HAS CHANGED TO THE ATTIRE OF HIS DUAL ROLE.. THE JESTER.. AND IS MAKING TRACKS AFTER THE KILLER.....

A FEW MOMENTS LATER... THE JESTER IS MOVING UP BEHIND THE KILLER AND HIS ACCOMPLICE...



HMM... HE'S GOT A PAL WITH HIM!



WELL.. THE END OF MY CHASE!!



SAY... THEY'RE STOPPING AT THAT SKYLIGHT!!



SHAKE A LEG DOWN THERE AN' OPEN THIS SKYLIGHT!

YEAH! HEY.. QUIT JINGLIN' TH' CHANGE IN YER POCKET... IT REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE!!

I AIN'T GOT A COIN ON ME!!



HA-HA-HA!



AN'... AN' THAT WASN'T Y.. YOU LAUGHIN' EITHER??

N..NO!!



N..NO... NO!!
Y'CRAZY DOPE..
I'LL GET KILLED..
NO..NO..NO..NO..
I'LL TALK.. I'LL
TALK!! TINY'S
RUBBIN' OUT THESE
NEW GUYS AN'
COLLECTIN'
INSURANCE ON
'EM!!

YOU TALKED A
LITTLE TOO
LATE,
SHORTY!!

HELP!

BUT...
UNKNOWN
TO
TERRIFIED
SHORTY, THE
JESTER
GRABS ONTO
AN AERIAL...

... AND THE TWO SWING
THROUGH A WINDOW IN
THE NEXT BUILDING....



Y'MADE ME
TALK... A
SQUEALER!!
NOW TINY'LL
RUB ME OUT!!
I'LL GET
YOU FOR THIS!

YOU WON'T GET ME...
BUT THE POLICE
WILL GET YOU!!



MEANWHILE ACROSS
THE ALLEY IN THE ROOM
BELOW THE SKYLIGHT...

DELL, WHAT'S ALL THE
RUMPUS ACROSS THE
ALLEY ABOUT??



HOLY SMOKES...
TH' JESTER....
AN' HE'S GOT
SHORTY!!

DON'T STAND THERE...
GET HIM! THAT
GUY'S POISON!!

O..OKAY!!



A MOMENT LATER A
BARRAGE OF LEAD STREAKS
AT THE JESTER!!



NO SENSE IN KILLING ME, TINY.... YOU DON'T CARRY ANY INSURANCE ON ME! H..M..M..M THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!!



LOOK OUT, RATS.... YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE COMPANY!



STICK AROUND TINY.. I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU AS SOON AS I FINISH THIS RAT!!



H'YA MUGGS!



AS THE JESTER TURNS TO TAKE CARE OF TINY, HE FINDS HIM CHARGING VICIOUSLY AT HIM.....



BUT A QUICK TURN AND THE JESTER CHANGES THE PICTURE.....



LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING, THE JESTER SWINGS ACROSS THE ALLEY ON THE CURTAIN AND CRASHES INTO TINY GANO'S ROOM!!!!



IF THAT DOESN'T HOLD YOU.. COME BACK AND SEE ME AGAIN!!



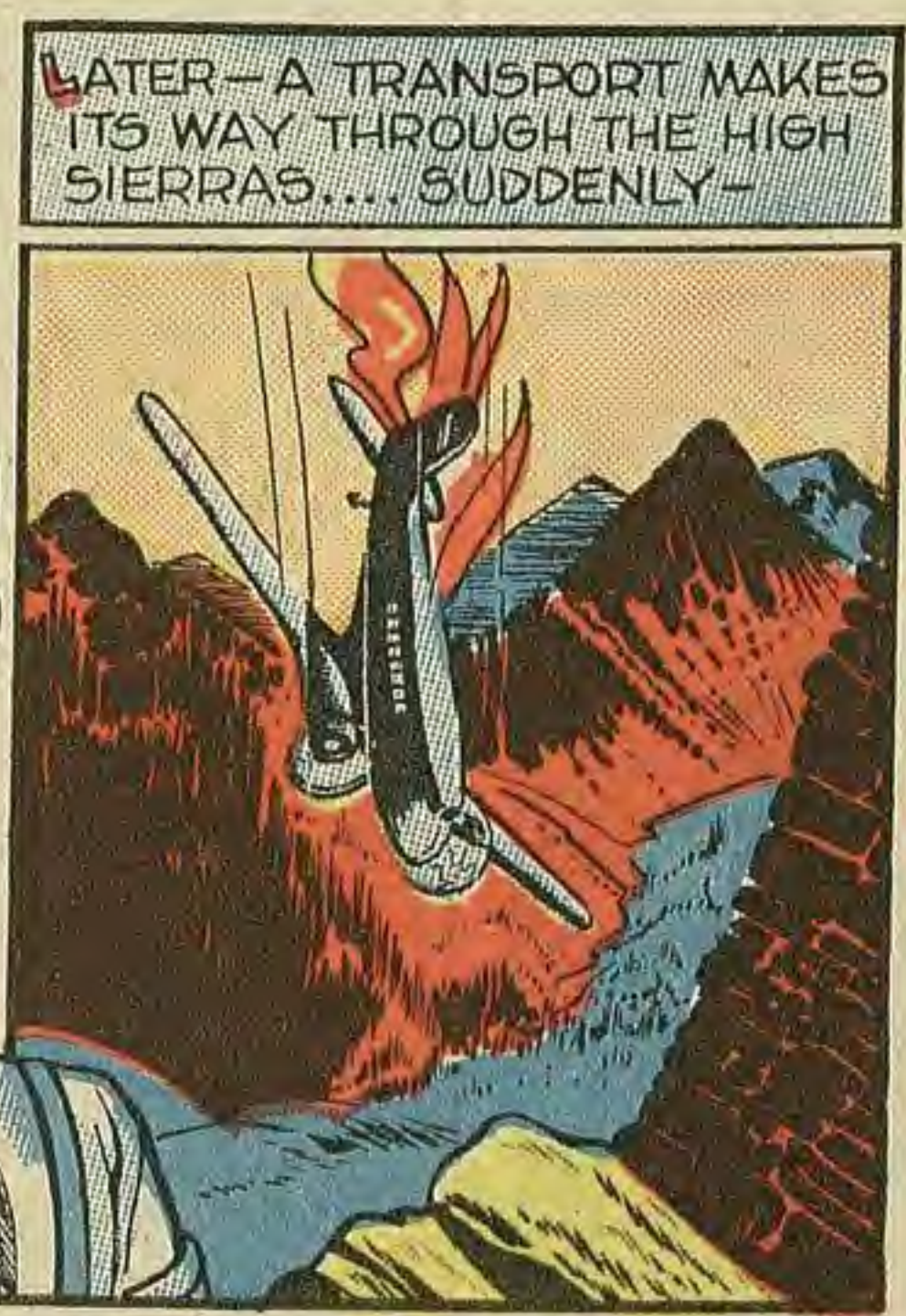
..AND TINY GANO GOES SAILING OUT THE WINDOW.... AND SUDDENLY STOPS SHORT IN MID-AIR!!!



WELL, TINY.... KINDA LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE FINISHED MURDERING FOR INSURANCE MONEY! SAY... I HOPE YOU CARRY INSURANCE ON YOURSELF... THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT A JURY WILL GIVE YOU FOR FOUR MURDERS! HA/HA/HA!!

INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by ART GORDON



SUDDENLY A VOICE SPEAKS FROM THE BUSHES...



NEXT DAY...



DAYS LATER-A PLANE FLIES OUT OVER THE PACIFIC COAST...



THE LONE OCCUPANT IS KENT THURSTON, ALIAS THE INVISIBLE HOOD...



SUDDENLY SEVERAL PLANES DART OUT OF THE CLOUDS AND MAKE FOR THE NAVY CRAFT...



A FEW MINUTES AND ALL ARE DOWN AT SEA...



AS THURSTON FOLLOWS, HE SUDDENLY SEES A STRANGE SIGHT...



BUT ONE OF THE PLANES MAKES FOR THURSTON...

OH-OH! THEY'VE SEEN ME - GOT TO ACT FAST OR I'LL BE SHARK BAIT!

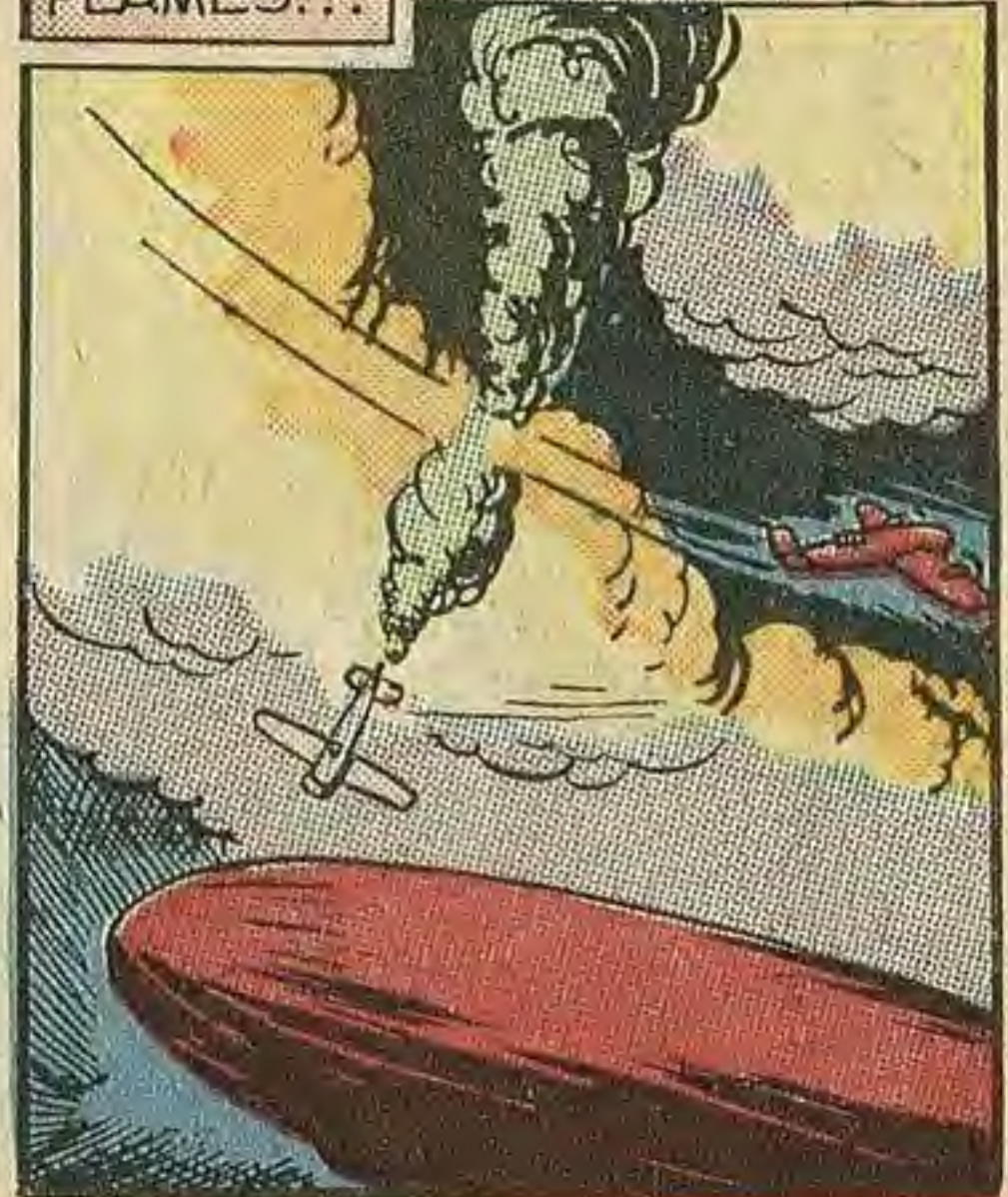


QUICKLY HE DONS HIS HOOD WHICH IS COVERED WITH A SECRET CHEMICAL THAT MAKES HIM INVISIBLE...

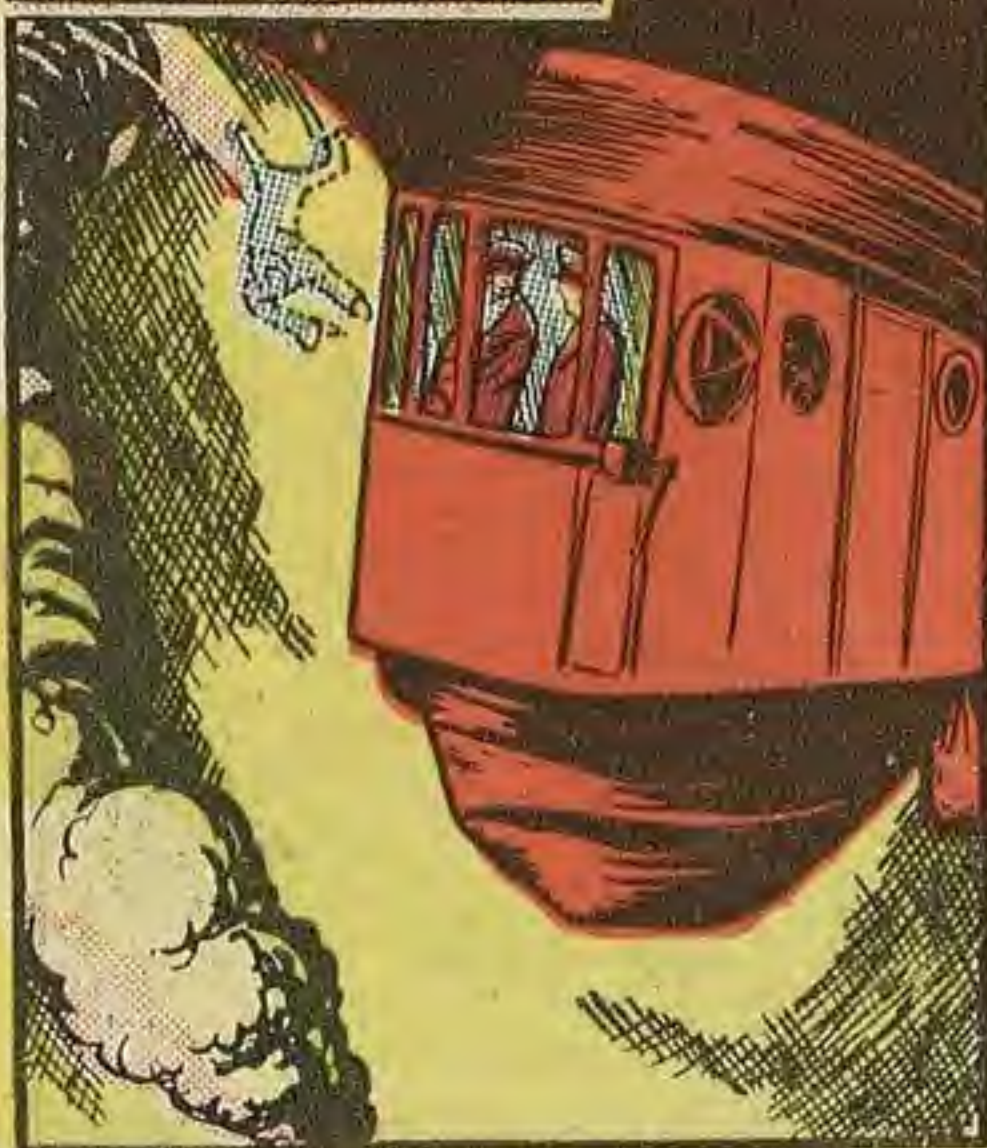
HERE HE COMES - NOW TO SWOOP DOWN NEAR THE ZEP!



AS THE PLANE OPENS FIRE THURSTON'S PLANE GOES INTO FLAMES...



WITH A MIGHTY LEAP THE INVISIBLE HOOD IS OUT OF HIS BURNING CRAFT...



HA-HA! OUR SECRET IS STILL SAFE, COMMANDER - THAT PLANE IS NO MORE!

WHEW! MADE IT -

GOOD!



I'LL ATTEND TO THOSE BIRDS LATER... NOW TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE!



OTTO-DO YOU HEAR FOOTSTEPS?

IT'S YOUR NERVES - YOU'VE BEEN JITTERY ALL WEEK!

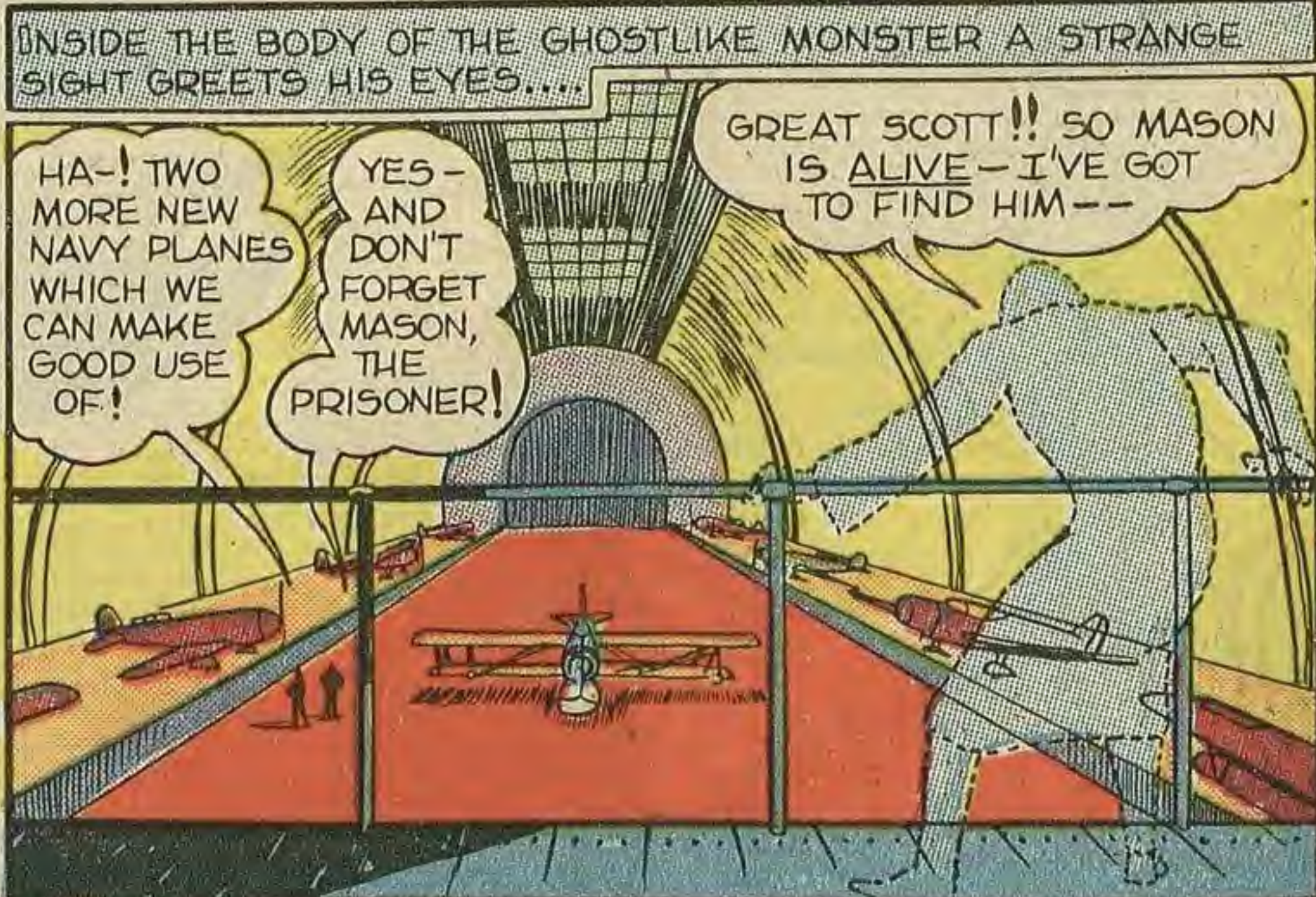


INSIDE THE BODY OF THE GHOSTLIKE MONSTER A STRANGE SIGHT GREETED HIS EYES....

HA-! TWO MORE NEW NAVY PLANES WHICH WE CAN MAKE GOOD USE OF!

YES - AND DON'T FORGET MASON, THE PRISONER!

GREAT SCOTT!! SO MASON IS ALIVE - I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM --



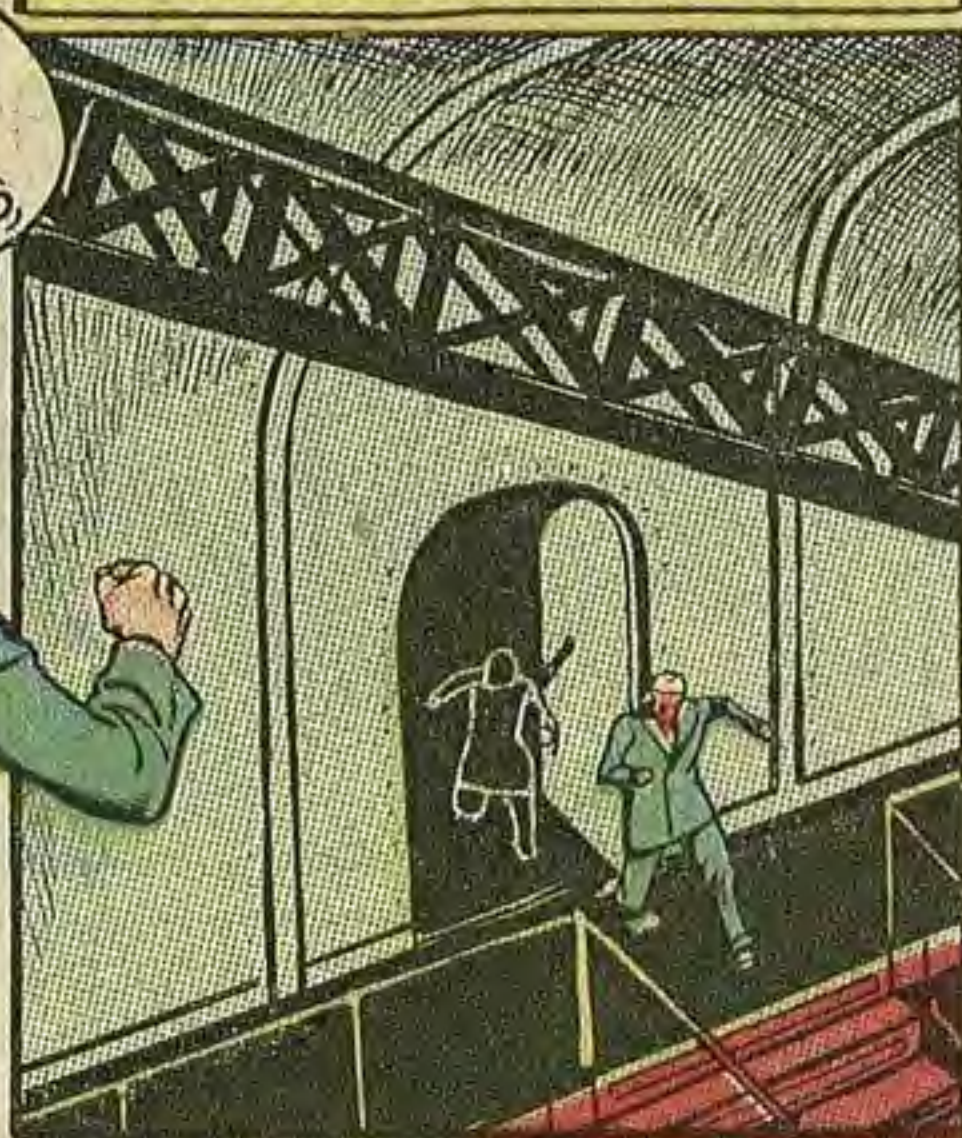
AT THE COMMANDER'S CABIN.....



MASON ACTS QUICKLY...



LEAVING THE COMMANDER AND HIS MEN IN CONFUSION, MASON AND THE HOOD RUSH OUT.....



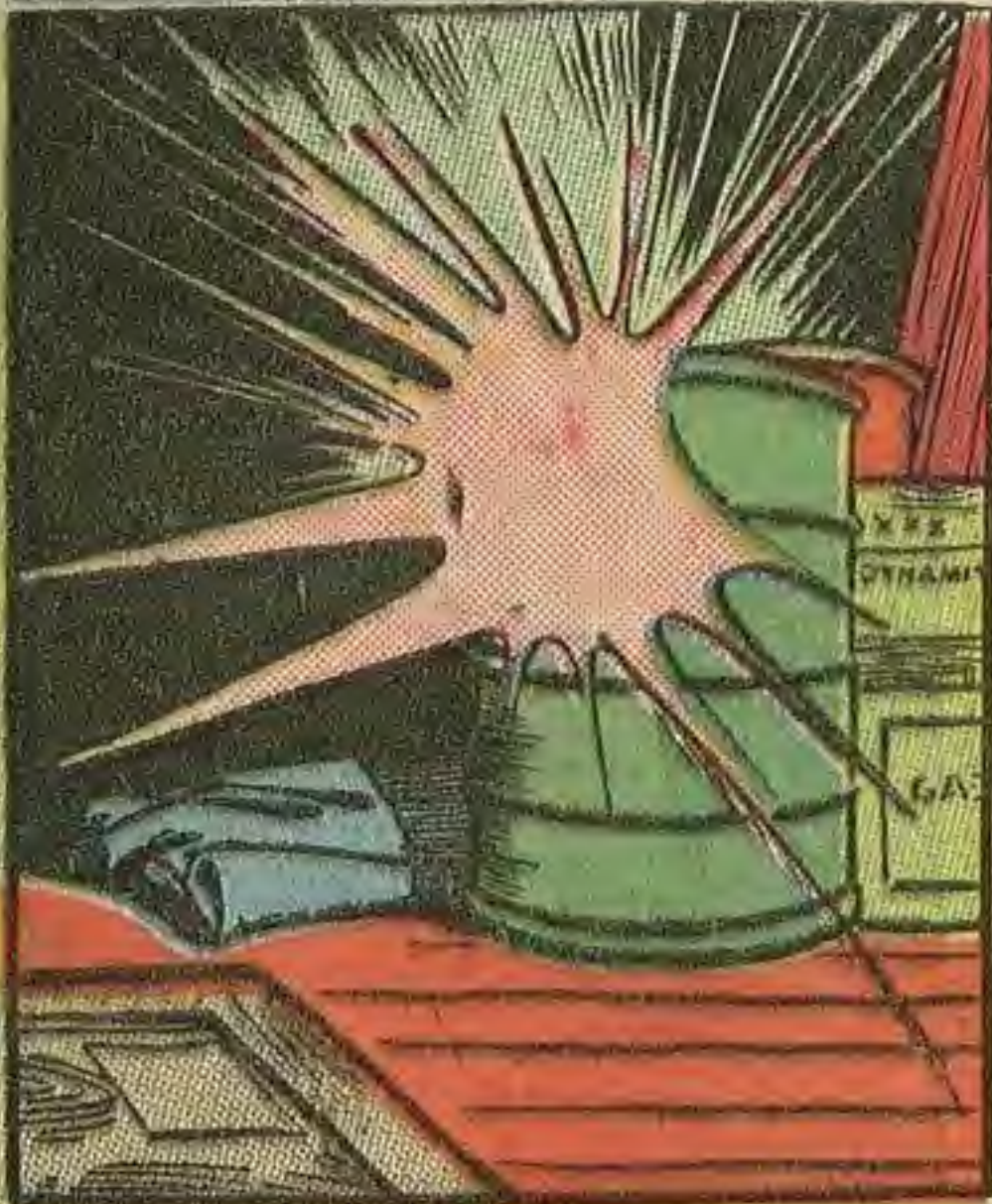
BUT THE REMAINING MEN HAVE HEARD THE COMMOTION...



SUDDENLY THERE IS A YELL FROM MASON...



THE COMMANDER'S SHOT GOES WILD AND HITS SOME OILCANS—



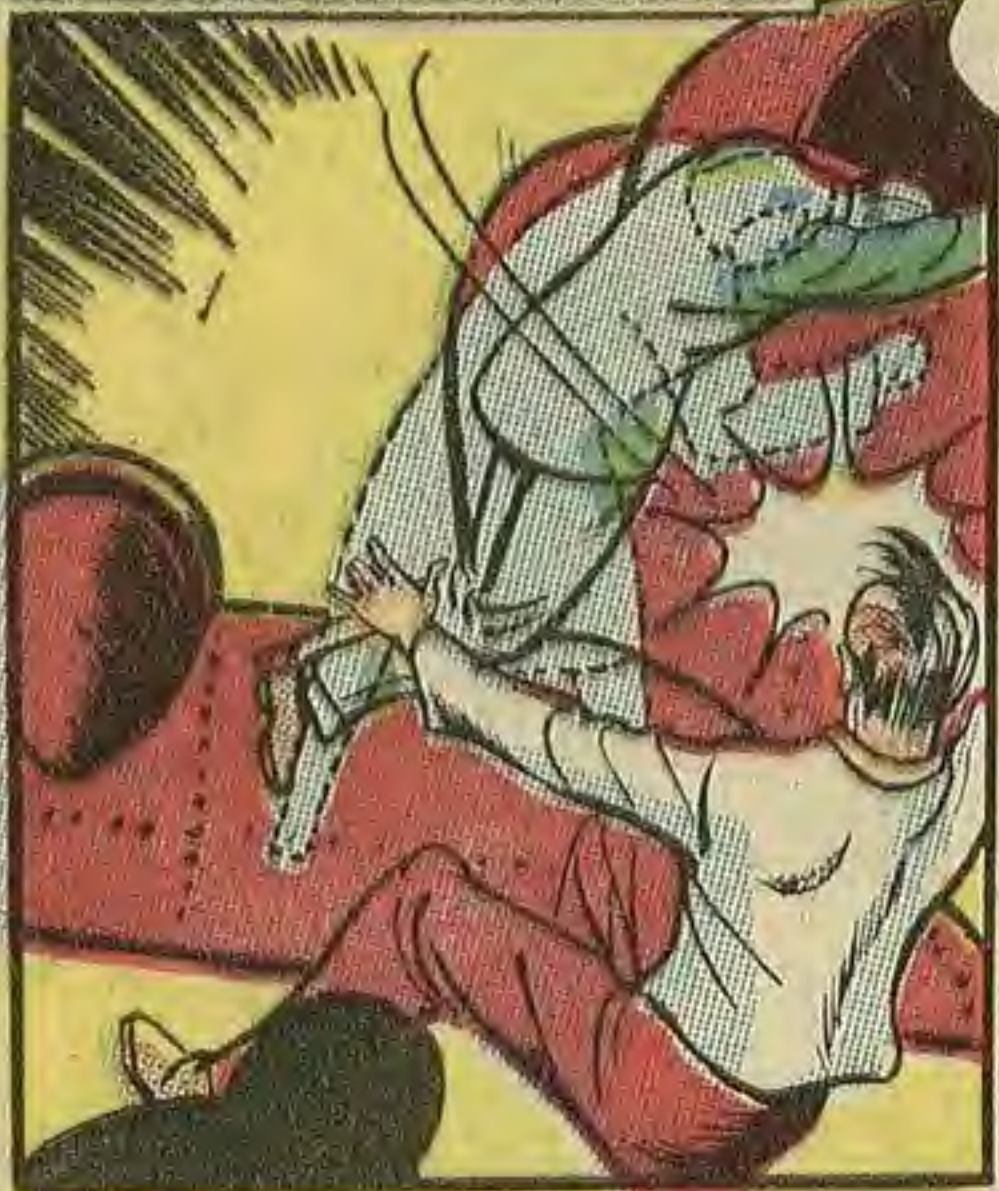
AS THE FLAMES SPREAD, PANIC AND CONFUSION REIGN ON THE DIRIGIBLE.....



BUT AS MASON AND THE HOOD MAKE FOR ONE OF THE PLANES...



PICKING UP THE DAZED MASON, THE HOOD BATTLES ON...



MASON'S IN—THE WHOLE ZEP IS QUIVERING...



AS THE PLANE SHOOT'S CLEAR THERE IS A SUDDEN BURST OF FLAMES WHICH ENVELOPE THE GIANT AIR MONSTER.....



THE PLANE HITS WITH TERRIFIC IMPACT....



WHERE AM I? GREAT SCOTT!!—THERE'S NO ONE PILOTING THIS PLANE...AM I DREAMING?

FROM WHAT WE JUST WENT THROUGH, MASON I MIGHT SAY YES!



The PURPLE TRIO

by S.M. REGI

EX-VAUDEVILLIANS, WARREN, A VENTRILOQUIST, ROCKY, A STRONG MAN AND THEIR MIDGET PAL, TINY, PLAY THEIR MOST EXCITING ENGAGEMENTS OFF-STAGE, WITH THE WHOLE WORLD THEIR APPLAUDING AUDIENCE.



IT IS A LOVELY DAY.. TINY, THE MIDGET THIRD OF THE PURPLE TRIO, SAUNTERS INTO THE PARK.

SUDDENLY HE STOPS SHORT.

ER... HUH? AW GOSH! I MUST BE SEEIN' THINGS!

BUT THERE, BETWEEN TINY'S PALS WARREN AND ROCKY, SITS.. ANOTHER MIDGET!

LIKE HIM, ROCKY?

YEAH.. LIKE ME?

HO! HO! HE'S GOOD! GREAT!!





IN MADAME ZAGONGA'S SEANCE CHAMBER, THE TRIO SITS SOLEMNLY IN THE DARK.

QUIET.. I CON-
CENTRATE ON
YOUR FUTURES.
I SEE... I SEE..

YEAH?
WHADDYA
SEE?

SHH!

THE GYPSY MEDIUM "CONCENTRATES"
WHILE A HAND REACHES SILENTLY
FOR OSWALD.

AH...THE
VOICES OF THE
DEAD PAST COME
TO ME.. I SEE A
DIM LIGHT.

A SIGNAL FROM WARREN
SENDS TINY TO THE FLOOR

MADAME ZAGONGA
YOU ARE A
FAKE!

THAT'S WARREN
SCARIN' THE WITS
OUTTA HER!

AT ANOTHER SIGNAL, TINY TIPS THE
TABLE.

IT'S MOVING!
..AND I'M NOT
DOING IT/THERE
ARE OTHER
SPIRITS HERE!

W-WHO T-TURNED
ON THE L-LIGHT?
R-REAL SPIRITS!

THE JOKE'S ON YOU,
MADAME ZAGONGA!
I'M A VENTRILOQUIST..
JUST TOSSED MY
VOICE AROUND!

SO? YOU THEENK
THAT
FUNNEE?

SUDDENLY TINY INTERRUPTS.

HEY!
OSWALD'S
GONE!

HUH?

HE WASN'T
"SPIRITED" AWAY!
WHAT'S YOUR
GAME, MADAME?

NO..NO!
N-NOT
ME..IN
THERE!

THE TRIO DASHES INTO THE NEXT ROOM.

THERE'S OSWALD!

B-BUT WHERE'S HIS HEAD?



THERE, LOOK! THOSE TWO WHO TALKED US INTO COMIN' HERE SWIPED OSWALD'S HEAD!



IMMEDIATELY THEY START OUT THE WINDOW.

QUICK! DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!!



BUT...

STAY WHERE YOU ARE... PUT YOUR HANDS UP!



BUT MADAME ZAGONGA IF WE DON'T GET THAT DUMMY'S HEAD BACK, OUR ACT'LL BE CANCELED... AND WE NEED THE MONEY!

YOU'LL GET IT BACK... LATER!



DISGUSTED WARREN TURNS TO ROCKY, WHO TAPS NERVOUSLY AS HE STARES AT THE CEILING.

THE MEN WHO STOLE YOUR DOLL'S HEAD ARE DRIVING TO BROWNSVILLE..



WARREN'S EYES FOLLOW ROCKY'S LEAD... THE TAPPING VIBRATION HAS JARRED A TAMBOURINE FROM ITS HOOK.

THEY WILL RETURN WITH IT AT TEN TONIGHT!



MADAME ZAGONGA LOOKS UP... JUST AS THE TAMBOURINE FALLS.



IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND, THE MADAME IS A PRISONER.

TIE HER UP, TINY!

O.K.!



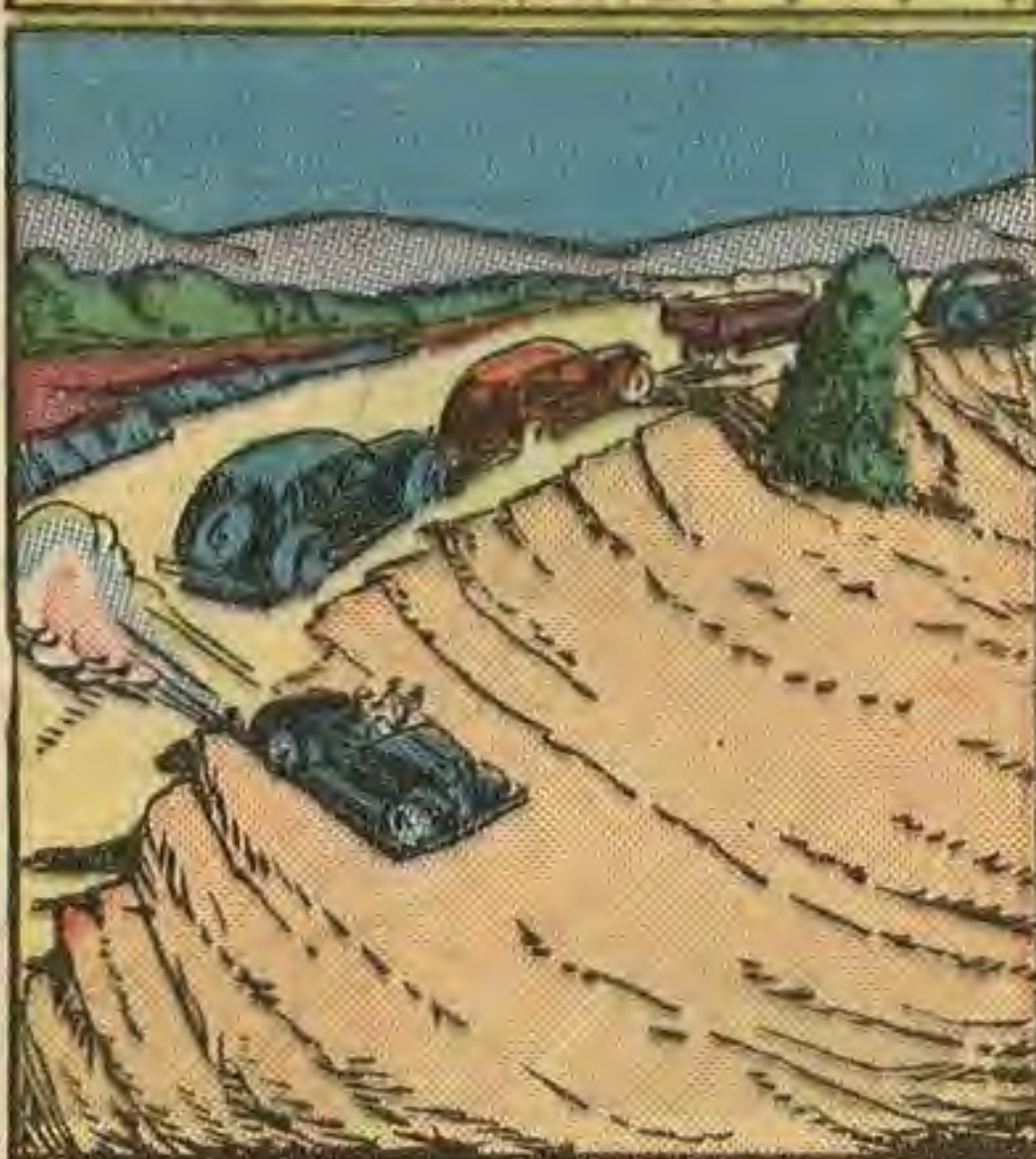
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, TINY'S SPEEDSTER 'BABY' HITS THE HIGHWAY TO BROWNSVILLE.



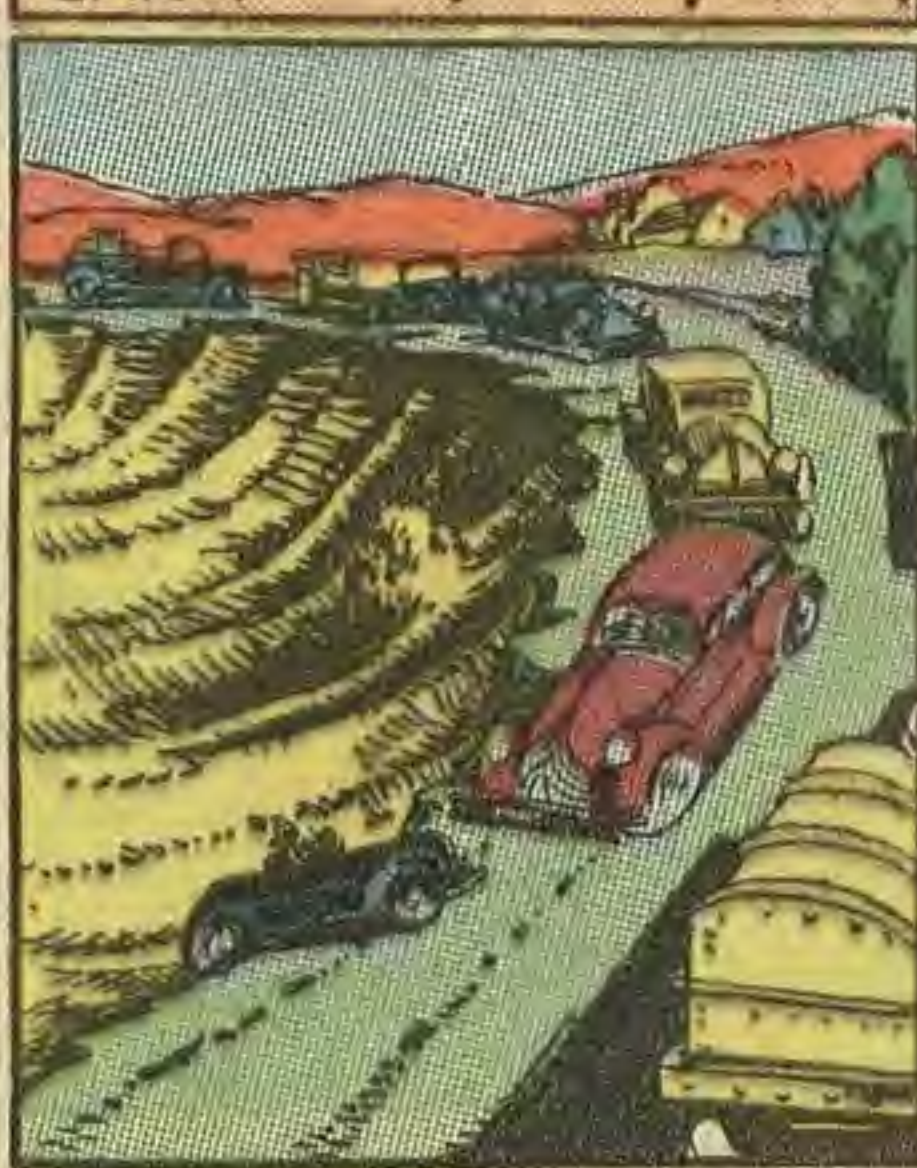
AT A HORSESHOE CURVE, THEY ARE CAUGHT IN A TRAFFIC JAM.



SWERVING OFF THE ROAD, TINY CUTS THE WIDTH BETWEEN THE U CURVE BY NOSING INTO A DEEP EXCAVATION.



HE ROARS UP ON THE OTHER SIDE... RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE CROOKS' CAR.



BY THE TIME THE POLICE ARRIVE THE PURPLE TRIO HAS THE THUGS WELL DUSTED.



WE NEED YOUR DUMMY FOR EVIDENCE... THOSE CROOKS HID THE STOLEN VAN BLOAKE DIAMOND NECKLACE IN ITS HEAD!



AND TINY MUST TAKE WARREN'S RIBBING LIKE A SPORT.



ESPIONAGE

STARRING BLACK X



By
ERWIN



THE HARD-HITTING SPY CHASER, BLACK X AND HIS TRUSTY HINDU MANSERVANT, BATU, AGAIN CROSS THE PATH OF THE MYSTERY WOMAN OF DIPLOMACY, MADAME DOOM.

BLACK X IS ON HIS WAY TO THE STATE DEPARTMENT CODE ROOM.



COLONEL ATWATER'S MESSAGE WAS URGENT... I WONDER WHAT'S THE TROUBLE!

IN DESPERATE HASTE, THE GUARD DOES NOT STOP UNTIL . . .



SAY, OLD FELLOW! WHAT'S YOUR RUSH?



SPEAK UP... YOU WERE RUNNING LIKE THE DEVIL HIMSELF WAS AFTER YOU!

BREATHLESSLY THE GUARD STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET.

UH... I WAS TAKING A MESSENGER FROM COLONEL ATWATER'S OFFICE WITH A CASE OF CHARTS. SUDDENLY HE DISAPPEARED!



SPRINGING TO AN OPEN WINDOW, BLACK X SPOTS THE MESSENGER GETTING INTO A CAR.

THAT'S MADAME DOOM BEHIND HIM! THAT MEANS THERE'S A PLANNED CONSPIRACY AFOOT!



I CAN'T LET HER GET AWAY WITH THE NAVY'S LATEST CHARTS OF THE WEST INDIES! I'VE GOT TO HIT THAT GAS TANK OR THE TIRES!



BUT HIS SHOTS FAIL TO HALT THE FLEEING SEDAN SO BLACK X RACES DOWN TO HIS OWN CAR AND FINDS...

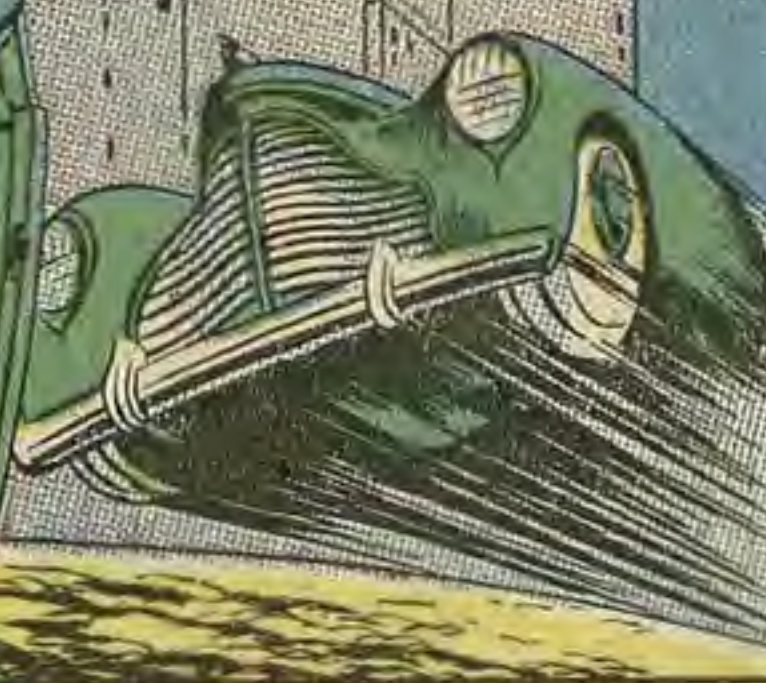
SWIFT AS A FLASH THE ESPIONAGE AGENT ROARS OFF IN PURSUIT.

FAR AHEAD MADAME DOOM ORDERS HER HENCHMAN TO PAY OFF THE MESSENGER.

BATU! WHAT'S... OH! HE'S BEEN CHLOROFORMED!



MADAME DOOM'S CAR IS OUT OF SIGHT BUT UNLESS SHE BACKTRACKS, I'LL CATCH UP WITH HER!



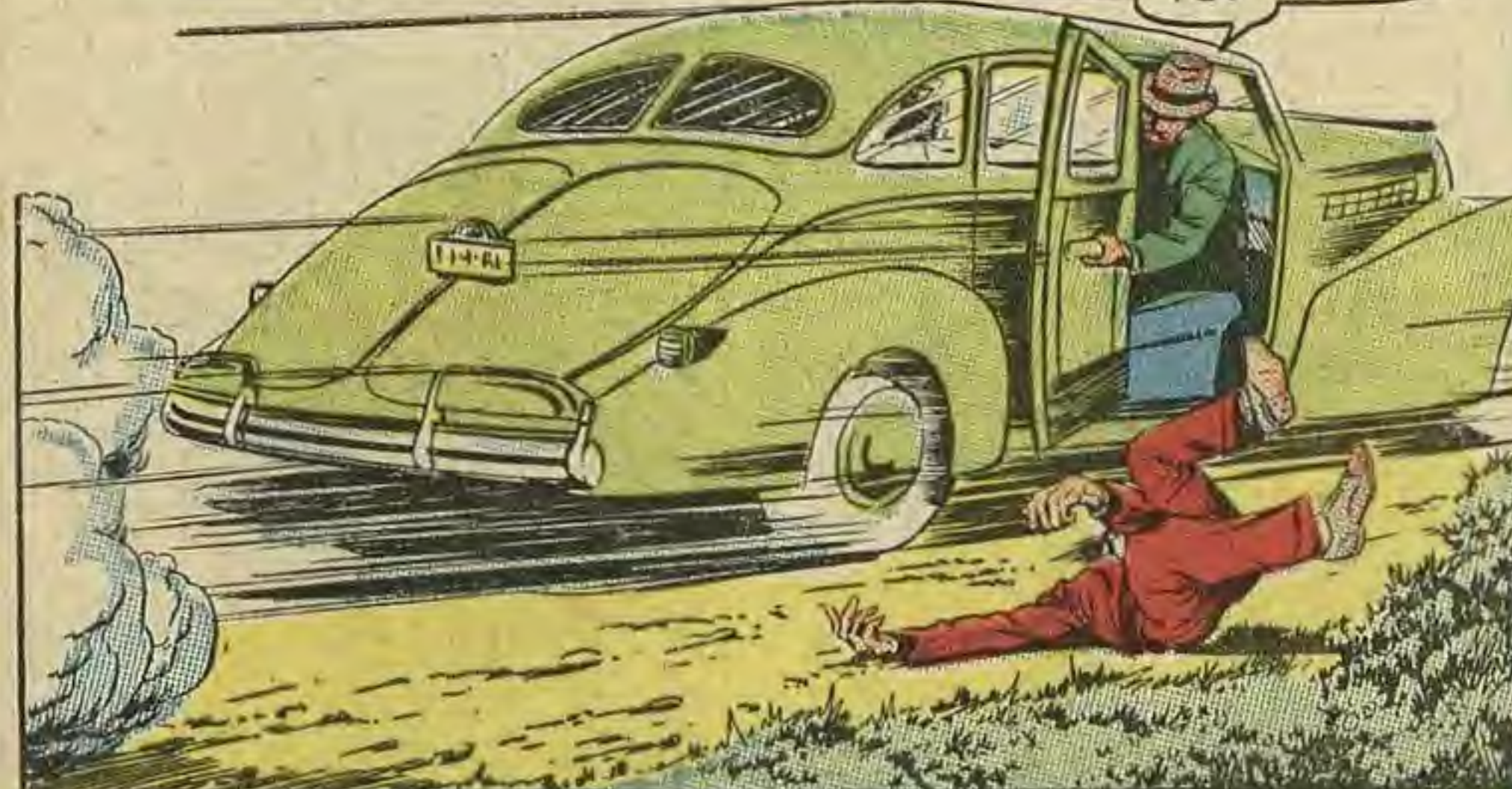
LET HIM SQUEAL TO THE F.B.I.! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH US!

OKAY... HERE'S WHERE YOU GET OFF, CHUMP!



THE SEDAN IS HITTING FIFTY WHEN THE MESSENGER IS SHOVED OUT... HE STRIKES THE CONCRETE AND ROLLS INTO A CLUMP OF BUSHES.

WE'LL HAVE DITCHED THIS CAR BY THE TIME THAT GUY COMES TO!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER BLACK X WHIZZES PAST THE SPOT.

YES MASTER, I REGRET TO ADMIT THAT MADAME DOOM CAUGHT ME UNAWARES. WE ARE ON HER TRAIL?

THAT COOL AIR REVIVED YOU, BATU?



SEVERAL MILES AHEAD, MADAME DOOM REACHES A SEAPLANE HANGAR ON THE PATOMAC.

HERE'S WHERE WE GIVE THE SLIP TO BLACK X AND THE F.B.I.



NOW WE'RE HERE MADAME DOOM, HOW ABOUT GIVIN' ME THE LOWDOWN ON THIS JOB?

SURE, OSCAR..I'M TAKING THESE CHARTS TO CAPTAIN VIDMAN ON TORTUGA ISLE AND COLLECTING TEN

THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THEM. COME ON, LET'S GO!



AS THE POWERFUL PLANE ZOOMS SKYWARD, BLACK X AND BATU ARRIVE AT THE PIER.

LOOK BELOW!

IT'S BLACK X! BUT HE'LL NEVER CATCH US!



CURSE OUR LUCK, BATU! WHAT CHANCE HAVE WE GOT OF STOPPING HER NOW?

LOOK, MASTER.. THIS MAY GIVE US A CLUE!



IT SEEMS TO BE A CRUDE MAP OF THE AIR ROUTE BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND TORTUGA ISLE!

SAY..MADAME DOOM MUST HAVE DROPPED THAT! IT MAY BE A RED HERRING BUT WE'D BETTER TRY IT!



SEE THAT SPEED BOAT TIED UP BELOW? WE HAVE THE AUTHORITY TO TAKE IT. HERE WE GO!

WITH BLACK X AT THE WHEEL, THE SPEEDBOAT CHURNS DOWN THE PATOMAC.

LUCKILY THE FUEL TANK IS FULL! WE'LL MAKE THE ISLAND BY SUNDOWN!

IT WILL BE A PERILOUS RUN IN SO SMALL A CRAFT, MASTER, BUT VERY EXCITING!



MEANWHILE MADAME DOOM'S SHIP NEARS ITS DESTINATION.

I TRUST THAT CAPTAIN VIDMAN HAS THE CASH READY, OSCAR!

YEAH..AN' YOU'D BETTER BE ON GUARD FOR A DOUBLE-CROSS!



LANDING ON THE BEACH, THEY ADVANCE CAUTIOUSLY.



HELLO THERE, CAPTAIN VIDMAN!

AH, I WASN'T EXPECTING YOU SO SOON, MADAME.

BUT YOU HAVE THE TEN THOUSAND READY FOR ME? I'VE BROUGHT THE U.S. NAVY CHARTS.



ER...YES, OF COURSE! COME TO OUR HEAD-QUARTERS!

MADAME DOOM AND OSCAR FOLLOW HESITANTLY.



I HOPE SHE HAS THE REAL CHARTS, NOT A PHONEY SET.

I'VE GOT TO WATCH THIS FELLOW. HE'S PRETTY SHREWD!

SUDDENLY A MAN SPRINGS UPON MADAME DOOM AND OSCAR REACHES FOR HIS GUN.



OKAY, SISTER. TAKE IT EASY!

HEY! YOU CAN'T.

SNARLING, VIDMAN FIRES INTO OSCAR'S BACK.



NO MORE INTERFERENCE FROM YOU, MISTER!

MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE, MADAME. .AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE SAME TREATMENT! NOW, THAT CHART, PLEASE!



A LOOKOUT SHOUTS A WARNING TO THE SPY CAPTAIN.



CHIEF! A SPEEDBOAT IS COMING IN THE COVE!

CALL THE MEN AND SPREAD OUT BEHIND THE ROCKS!

WITHOUT SLACKENING SPEED, BLACK X TURNS SHARPLY.



THERE'S OUR GIRL FRIEND'S PLANE, BATU! GET READY TO HOP ASHORE!

I SUSPECT WE WILL MEET OPPOSITION, MASTER!

FEARLESSLY, BLACK X AND BATU LEAP ASHORE.



KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, BATU... I SEE SOMEONE MOVING UP THERE.

YES, MASTER, AND THERE'S MORE THAN ONE!

VIDMAN'S SPY MOB GREET'S THEM WITH A SUDDEN DEADLY HAIL.

LET 'EM HAVE IT!



BUT A BRACE OF FORTY-FIVES FLAME IN BLACK X'S HANDS.



THE FAMED ESPIONAGE AGENT SCORES ANOTHER HIT.



BATU PROJECTS HIS IMAGE, HINDU FASHION, TO DRAW THE SPIES' FIRE.



BLACK X DOESN'T STOP TO TWIST THE DOORKNOB.



BUT THE SPY CAPTAIN IS ALREADY INSIDE.



A SHARP RAP AT THE WINDOW MAKES VIDMAN TURN SUDDENLY.





IN A SPLIT SECOND, THE ESPIONAGE AGENT CRASHES INTO VIDMAN. .

WHY YOU.. I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!

I'VE GOT HIM, BATU!



BLACK X BREAKS THE DEATH GRIP ON HIS THROAT WITH A SUDDEN BLOW TO VIDMAN'S MID-RIF.

OOF!



STUGGLING TO HIS FEET, THE SPY MASTER LEADS WITH HIS CHIN.

ARRUGH!

QUICK AND SILENT AS A WRAITH, BATU SLIPS INSIDE AND WHIPS OUT HIS KNIFE. . . .

IT IS A PLEASURE, MADAME, TO SLASH YOUR BONDS.

BATU! BUT WHY?

HER HANDS TREMBLING, MADAME DOOM BACKS AWAY WARILY. . .

ER. . YOU WON'T HARM ME FOR CHLOROFORMING YOU BEFORE? REALLY, I HAD TO DO IT!



WITH A FLASH OF CAT-LIKE ACTION, SHE SCOOPS UP BLACK X'S AUTOMATIC.

STILL GRIPPING BLACK X'S EMPTY GUN, SHE WATCHES AS HE AND BATU ROAR OFF.

IN THEIR FAVORITE CAFE THE NEXT EVENING, BLACK X TURNS OVER THE NAVY CHARTS TO COLONEL ATWATER.

THE SHE-DEVIL! I REGRET MY ERROR OF RELEASING HER, MASTER!

NO TIME FOR REGRETS, BATU! I'VE RECOVERED THE CHARTS. LET'S GO!

DON'T MOVE, EITHER OF YOU!

WELL, OF ALL THE DOUBLE-CROSSING TRICKS! BUT I'LL GET EVEN WITH THOSE TWO, WAIT AND SEE!

ADIOS, MADAME!

WE'VE SENT A COAST GUARD CREW TO BRING BACK VIDMAN'S GANG, BLACK X!

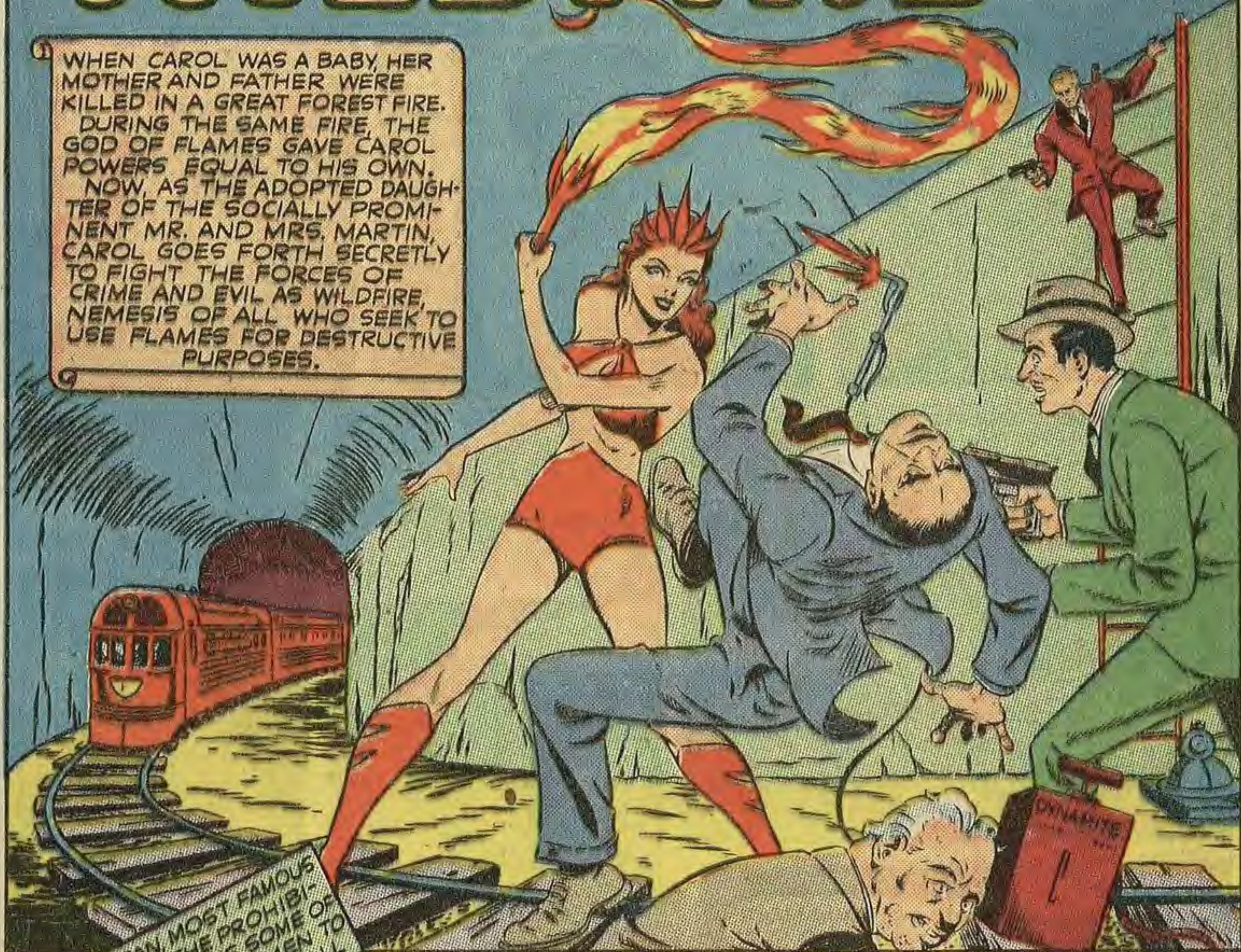
BUT I'VE A HUNCH, COLONEL, THAT MADAME DOOM WILL BE MISSING!



WILDFIRE

BY
JIM MOONEY
AND
BOB TURNER

WHEN CAROL WAS A BABY, HER MOTHER AND FATHER WERE KILLED IN A GREAT FOREST FIRE. DURING THE SAME FIRE, THE GOD OF FLAMES GAVE CAROL POWERS EQUAL TO HIS OWN. NOW, AS THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF THE SOCIALLY PROMINENT MR. AND MRS. MARTIN, CAROL GOES FORTH SECRETLY TO FIGHT THE FORCES OF CRIME AND EVIL AS WILDFIRE, NEMESIS OF ALL WHO SEEK TO USE FLAMES FOR DESTRUCTIVE PURPOSES.



MUTT MORGAN MOST FAMOUS GANGSTER OF THE PROHIBITION ERA, SUMMONS SOME OF HIS OLD TIME MUSCLE MEN TO A SPECIAL MEETING IN A SMALL WESTERN TOWN.

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THIS REUNION, MUTT? WE AIN'T ALL BEEN TOGETHER SINCE THE BOOTLEGGING DAYS!

SIMPLE ANSWER, BOYS! YOUR OLD BOSS, MUTT, IS BROKE, WE MADE OUR PILE IN THE OLD DAYS! WE'RE GONNA DO IT AGAIN!

I'VE BEEN TAKING UP LITERATURE, BOYS! I BEEN READING THIS HERE OLD DIME NOVEL CALLED JESSE JAMES AND THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY!

SO WHAT?

SO IT GAVE ME AN IDEA! ROBBING TRAINS WAS A GOOD GRAFT ONE TIME NO REASON WHY IT CAN'T BE DONE AGAIN TODAY!

YOU'RE CRAZY, MUTT, WE AIN'T NO COW-BOYS!



THAT'S JUST IT! WE'RE SMART GUYS! WE GOT MODERN EQUIPMENT AND NEW IDEAS! WE'LL MAKE THE JAMES BOYS AND ALL THOSE OTHER PUNKS LOOK LIKE BOY SCOUTS AT A TEA PARTY! I'VE GOT THE WHOLE THING PLANNED, LISTEN!...



A WEEK LATER, CAROL VANCE AND HER FOSTER PARENTS, THE MARTINS, ARE ABOARD THE SOUTHWEST FLIER.

IT'S GOING TO BE GOOD TO GET AWAY FROM THE CITY! I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS VACATION ON OUR RANCH!

ME TOO, ONLY I WISH THE WEST WAS WILD LIKE IT WAS IN THE OLD DAYS!

ALWAYS CRAVING EXCITEMENT, AREN'T YOU, CAROL?



JUST IMAGINE, IF THIS WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO, AT ANY MINUTE MASKED BANDITS MIGHT ENTER THE TRAIN AND...

HA! HA! WHAT AN IMAGINATION YOU HAVE, CAROL! I'M AFRAID WE WON'T HAVE ANY TRAIN ROBBERS FOR YOU THIS TRIP, CAROL!



BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE FLIER STARTS INTO THE GREAT TUNNEL WHICH CUTS THREE MILES STRAIGHT THROUGH THE HEART OF MAGIC MOUNTAIN.



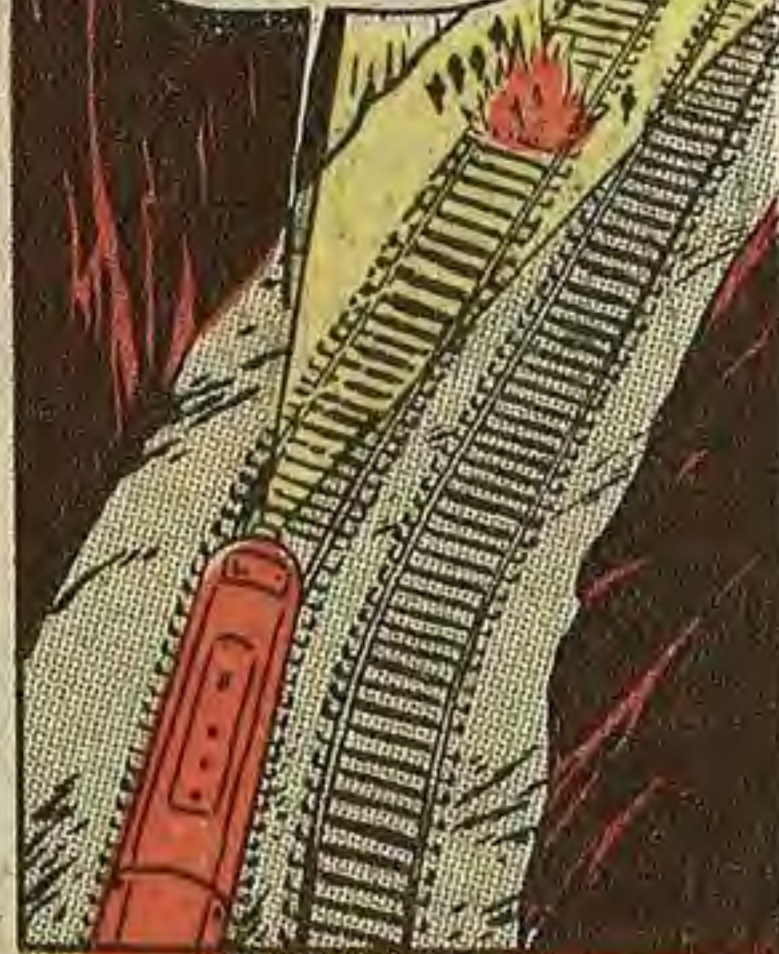
ARE MY EYES PLAYING TRICKS IN THIS SUDDEN DARKNESS OR IS THAT A LIGHT UP AHEAD!

NOPE, THERE'S A LIGHT OF SOME KIND! MUST BE TRACK WORKMEN!



THE TRAIN SPEEDS ON INTO THE STYGIAN DARKNESS AND SOON...

THAT'S NOT A LIGHT! IT'S A FIRE RIGHT ON THE TRACKS!!



THEY'RE BRAKING TO A STOP, MUTT!

AND NOW WE MAKE OUR HAUL AND GET MILES AWAY BEFORE ANYONE CAN STOP US!



THERE'S A HALF DOZEN MOVIE STARS ON THIS TRAIN! THEY OUGHT TO BE GOOD FOR A FEW GRAND AND THEN THERE'S THAT GOLD SHIPMENT IN THE BAGGAGE CAR!!

NICE PICKIN'S!



MASKED MEN! IT-IT'S A HOLDUP! WARN ALL THE PASSENGERS AND THE GUARDS IN THE BAGGAGE CARS!





TRAIN ROBBERS! HIDE YOUR JEWELS AND MONEY! HURRY!!

OH!



CAROL, CAROL! COME BACK! WHERE...

TRAIN ROBBERS! I-I FEEL FAINT! GOING TO THE POWDER ROOM!



HAD TO MAKE THAT BREAK, MIGHT NOT BE A CHANCE. LATER... NOBODY IN HERE YET, GOOD!



HASTILY, CAROL VANCE STRIPS OFF HER OUTER GARMENTS AND BECOMES WILDFIRE.

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT THOSE MODERN JESSE JAMES LOOK-LIKE!



MEANWHILE....

NOW LET'S SEE THOSE MONKEYS GET THIS GOLD SHIPMENT!

THEY MUST BE CRAZY TO TRY THIS!



I'LL BLAST THIS DOOR OPEN WITH A PINEAPPLE AND THEN WE'LL SPLIT UP! HALF OF US TAKE THE GOLD, THE REST WILL WORK OVER THE PASSENGERS!

OKAY!



THE HAND GRENADE STRIKES THE DOORS OF THE BAGGAGE CAR, BLASTS THEM WIDE OPEN.



THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH...

FINISH OFF THAT GUARD!



JUST LIKE THE GOOD OLD DAYS IN CHICAGO!

ARRRGH!

BANG

U.S. GOLD

FIRST I'D BETTER BORROW
SOME OF THAT FIRE AND
MAKE A WEAPON!



PLEASE! THE LOCKET IS OF NO
VALUE TO YOU. . IT MEANS
EVERYTHING TO ME. . IT'S A
GIFT FROM MY DEAD HUS-
BAND. . IT. . IT HAS HIS PICTURE
IN IT!!

OH, SO YOU'RE
GOING TO GIVE US
TROUBLE, EH?



JUST AS THE THUG SQUEEZES
THE TRIGGER TO KILL MR.
MARTIN. . .



EEEEYOW!

WILDFIRE REACHES IN-
TO THE FLAMES, MOLDS
QUICKLY WITH HER
HANDS AND. . .

A SPEAR AND A BATTLE
AXE OUGHT TO HELP
ME CLEAN UP THIS
GANG!



HERE'S A GIFT FROM
ME, YOU OLD FOSSIL!

GUNS OR
NO GUNS, I'M NOT
GOING TO STAND BY
AND WATCH THAT KIND
OF BRUTALITY!



WE'VE GOT TO
STOP THAT
FLAME DAME!

I'M GLAD I GOT HERE
IN TIME TO SAVE MOM
AND DAD!



WHILE INSIDE THE TRAIN.

OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE!
WHY DOESN'T SOME-
BODY DO SOMETHING?

DON'T ANY-
BODY TRY
TO HOLD
OUT ANY-
THING!



THAT OLD GUY'S
MAKING TROUBLE,
BLAST HIM!



THEN WILDFIRE PICKS UP THE
FLAMING AXE, MOLDS IT INTO
A LENGTH OF FIERY ROPE AND.

SO YOU LIKE TO PLAY
COWBOY GAMES!

OUR BUL-
LETS DIDN'T
BOTHER HER
A BIT! WH-WHAT'S
SHE G-GOING TO
DO NOW?





ISN'T SHE WONDERFUL? SHE LOOKS SOMETHING LIKE OUR CAROL!

YOU GENTLEMEN OUGHT TO RECOGNIZE THIS CEREMONY!

STOP!



IT'S AN OLD FASHIONED LYNCHING PARTY!

AWWK!



BACK IN THE BAGGAGE CAR...

I GOT NEARLY FIVE GRAND OUT OF THESE REGISTERED MAIL BAGS ALREADY!

THERE! THE SAFE'S HEATED OPEN! NOW TO GET THE GOLD SHIPMENT!



GET AWAY FROM THAT SAFE!

IT'S SOME DAME, GIVE HER A FEW LICKS WITH THE BLOW-TORCHES, BOYS, AND TELL HER NOT TO BOTHER US!



WE'RE GOING TO BURN YOU UP, BABY!

YEAH, KID, THE HEAT'S ON!

DIS IS FUN!



YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT, HOODLUMS, BUT NOT THE WAY YOU THINK!

HEY, GIVE BACK OUR FLAMES!



A PITCHFORK FOR THE DEVIL'S HIRELINGS!

AYYYAH!



THEN, AS MUTT MORGAN TRIES TO FLEE IN MORTAL TERROR...

HOLD IT!



COME AROUND AGAIN SOMETIME WHEN YOU WANT TO PLAY COPS AND ROBBERS, TOUGH GUYS!



A LITTLE LATER, AS THE TRAIN RESUMES ITS JOURNEY, WITH THE CROOKS IN CUSTODY.

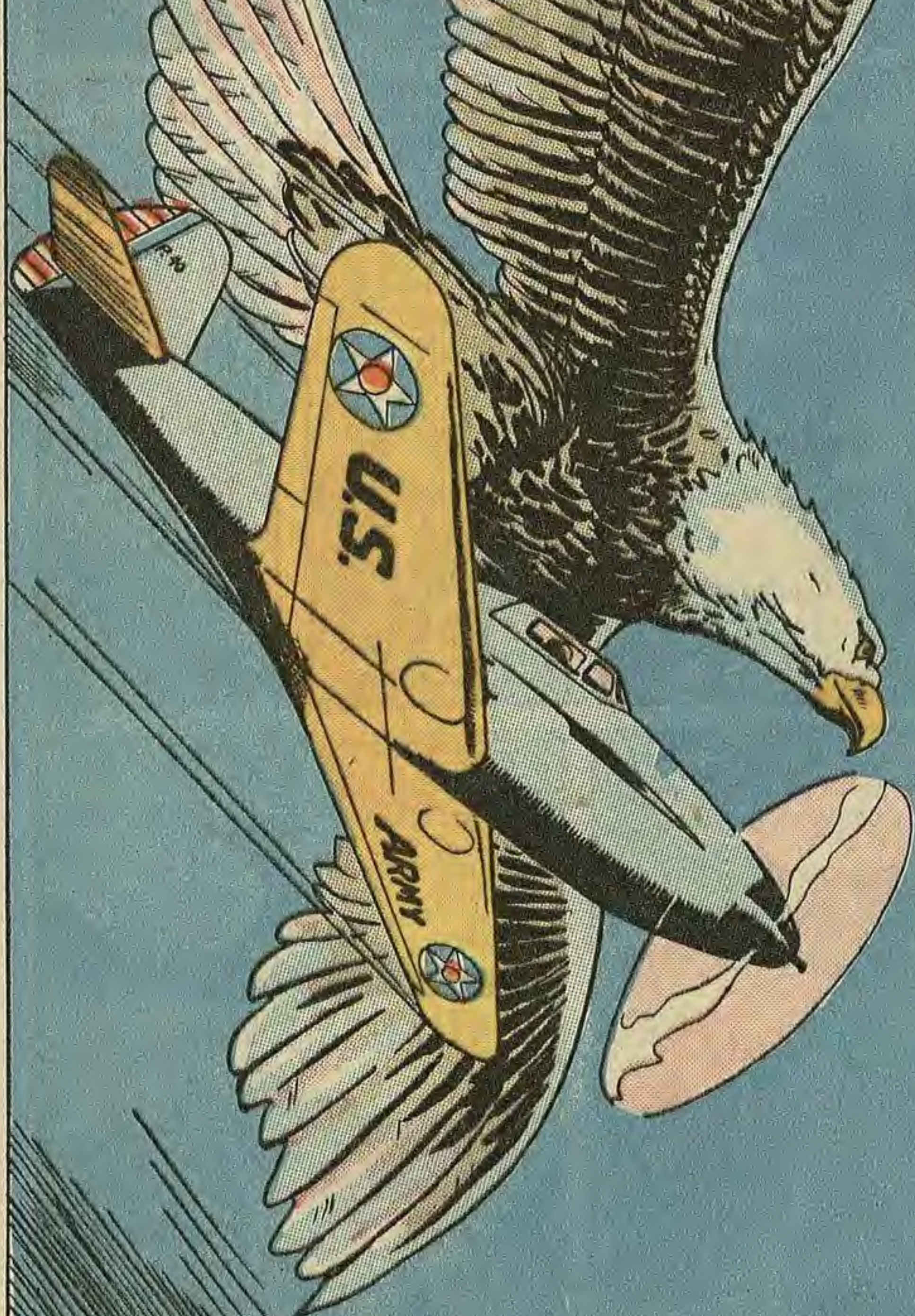
IT'S TOO BAD YOU MISSED SEEING THAT WILDFIRE IN ACTION, CAROL!

AND YOU THOUGHT THE WEST WAS TAMED!

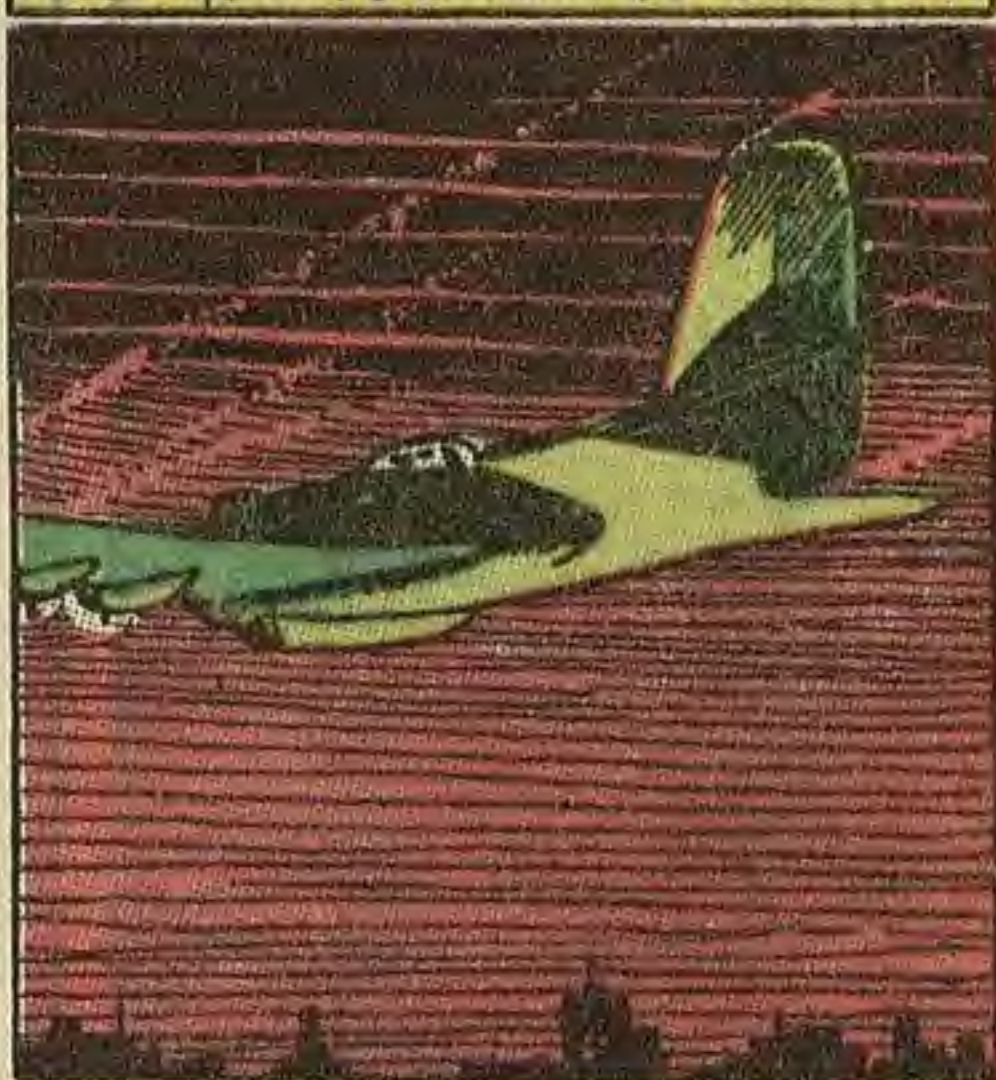
COULD I HELP IT IF I FAINTED THERE IN THE POWDER ROOM?

WINGS WENDALL

BY
VERNON
HENREL



A PLANE DRONES HIGH ABOVE
WASHINGTON WITH NO LIGHTS..IT
IS DARK..NO ONE PAYS ATTENTION



THAT IS WHY THE FIGURE IS
NOT NOTICED AS IT HURTTLES
INTO SPACE WITH A PARACHUTE.



LIGHTS ARE ON IN THE LEFT WING
OF THE WHITE HOUSE,WE FIND
WINGS WENDALL,THE GREAT
FLYER,TALKING WITH THE PRESIDENT



MR. PRESIDENT,
IN YOUR NATION-
AL DEFENSE PRO-
GRAM ARE YOU
AWARE OF...



AND DROPS HIM WITH A RIGHT..



FAST FIRING POMPOM GUNS
OPEN UP ON THE BOMBER..



CAUGHT IN A WEB OF FLYING
STEEL THE ENEMY CRAFT
IS HIT..



AND PLUNGES TO ITS DEATH..



I SAY, CAPTAIN, ISN'T
IT RATHER ODD THAT
THE BOMBER WAS
FLYING TOWARD
EUROPE?

JOVE! YOU'RE
RIGHT!



BACK
IN
WASHINGTON

IT'S AN UGLY
CASE, WINGS, OUR
PRISONER HAS
REVIVED BUT HE
REFUSES TO
TALK!

HE MUST
HAVE DROPPED
FROM A
PLANE..



A MESSENGER RUSHES
IN..

CHIEF, A WARSHIP
ON NORTH ATLANTIC
PATROL HAS
REPORTED SHOOT-
ING DOWN A LONG
RANGE BOMBING
PLANE FLYING
FROM THE
DIRECTION
OF AMERICA!

THEN HE IS
UNDOUBTEDLY
IN THE SER-
VICE OF AN
ALIEN GOVERN-
MENT.. LET ME
SEE THE PRISONER!



SULLEN BUT STUBBORN
THE ASSASSIN ENTERS

WHAT IS
YOUR NAME
AND WHO
SENT YOU
HERE TO KILL
THE PRESIDENT
?

M'NAME'S
JOHN SMITH..
I TRIED TO
CARRY OUT A
MISSION FOR A
GOOD CAUSE..
THAT'S
ALL!

HMMPF!





DO YOU DENY THAT YOU WERE CARRYING OUT ORDERS OF A FOREIGN GOVERNMENT.. THAT YOU FLEW TO AMERICA TO KILL THE PRESIDENT?



I TOLD YA ALL I'M GONNA SAY.. YA CAN DO ANY-THING YA WANT!



IT'S NO USE, WINGS, WE CAN'T FORCE A CONFESSION FROM THIS OX! LOCK HIM UP!



OUR FRIEND JOHN SMITH IS EITHER A MADMAN OR A GENIUS.. HE TAKES FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR HIS ACTION WITH NO FEAR!



HE IS COMPLETELY INSANE I ASSURE YOU GENTLEMEN!

WHO ARE YOU?



I AM DR. GOTH AND THIS IS NITA, JOHN'S SISTER

MY BROTHER IS A MENTAL CASE IN THE DOCTOR'S CARE!



I AM SORRY.. NO ONE IS ALLOWED TO SEE THE PRISONER!



HERE IS A NOTE OF CONFESSION THE PRISONER WROTE TO ME!



MY DEAR DR. GOTH, TOMORROW I AM GOING TO KILL THE PRESIDENT FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL MANKIND.. John Smith.



HE WAS BROODING DEEPLY OVER WORLD AFFAIRS AND IN HIS CONDITION!



AS DR. GOTH TALKS, NITA TOUCHES HER CIGARETTE TO A WINDOW CURTAIN..

OH! HOW CLUMSY OF ME!

NITA THROWS A PACKAGE OF CHEMICALS INTO THE FIRE.. AND THE ROOM IS AFLAME!



IT IS YOU WE ARE GOING TO STOP, PIG!



WITH THE OFFICE IN AN INFERNO GOTH RUSHES INTO THE PRISONER'S ROOM.



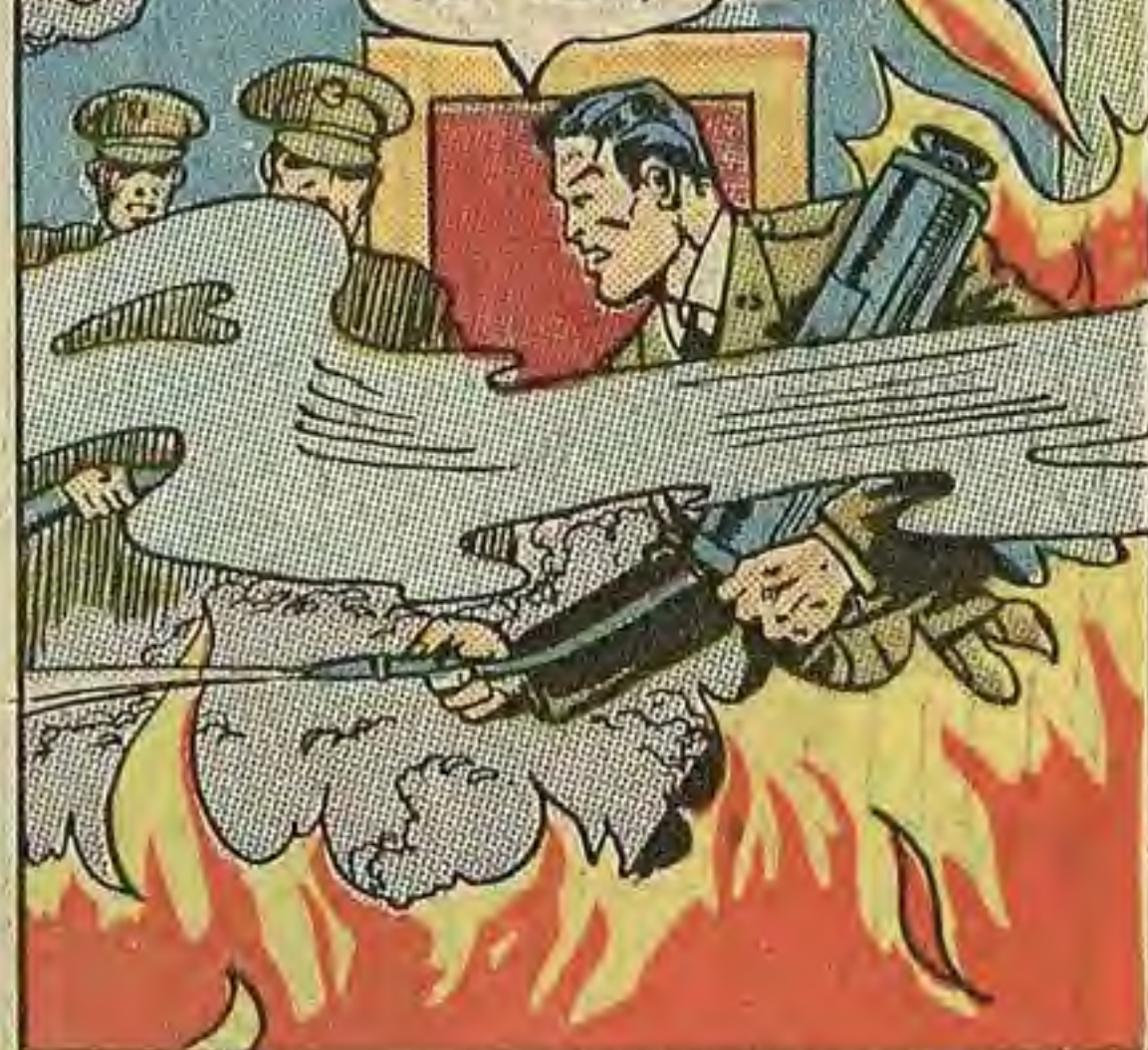
YOUR PLANE WAS SHOT DOWN BY THE ENEMY ON ITS RETURN..IF YOUR PLAN HAD SUCCEEDED OUR LEADER WOULD HAVE AWARDED YOU.. BUT YOU FAILED, KURT!



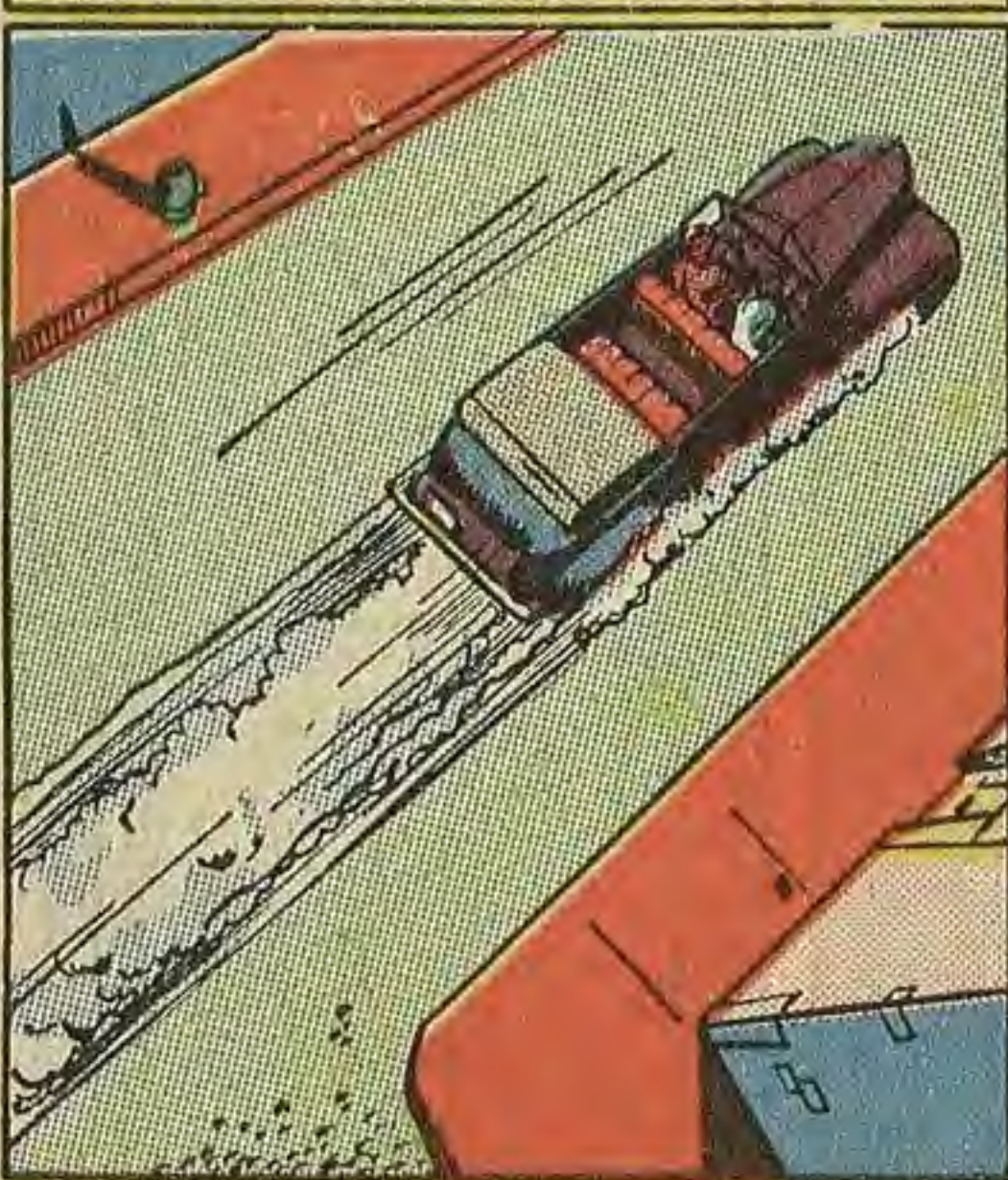
EXCELLENT WORK, NITA.. NOW WE MUST GET OUT OF THIS PLACE



YOU MEN TAKE OVER.. I'M GOING AFTER THAT PAIR OF FOREIGN SPIES!



BUT DR. GOTH AND NITA ARE SPEEDING AWAY IN A FAST CAR..

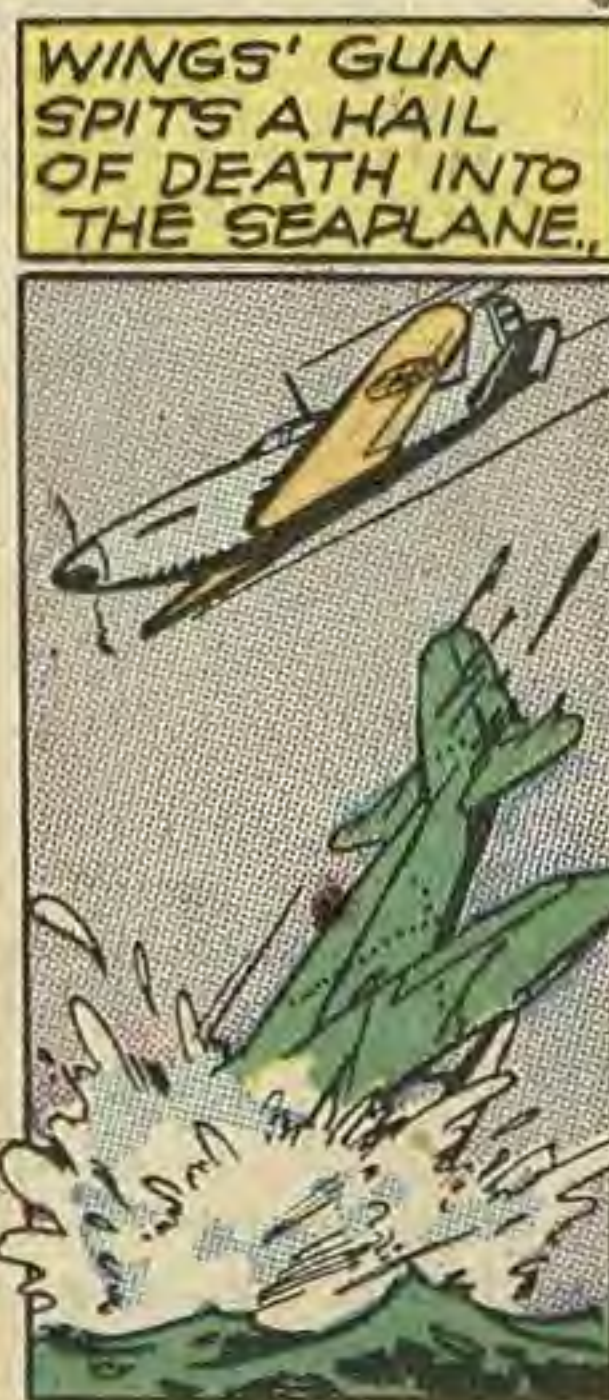


IF THEY GET AWAY THE CHIEF WILL TAKE MY STRIPES!



LOOK! THEY ARE AFTER US..STEP ON IT!







The yellow pall of death still clung over that quiet valley. A ghastly shroud of saffron—a shroud drawn over a monstrous coffin that had been Quetta, city of the dead!

Quetta had died in one terrible night. From a bustling metropolis of thousands it had, in a moment, become a smoldering ruins, a sarcophagus of twisted humanity and wreckage, of chaos and calamity. For the Great Leveler had struck without warning on that calm afternoon.

The British constabulary had thrown a ring of steel around the doomed city, when the last living and maimed victim had been removed to safety. Several hundred Tommies held constant vigil around the place. They had strict orders to shoot anyone and anything that left the city. He who entered—man or animal—was doomed.

It chanced that on an afternoon in May, four years after the great earthquake, a big Mercedes drew up in front of the British consul's office. Sir John Elton-Blake was sipping a cool drink when an aide entered.

"An American chap to see you, sir. Says it's very important."

"Bother!" grumbled the obese official. "Well, show him in, Landis!"

A tanned young man in rather wrinkled whites, with gray eyes and an engaging smile, stepped inside.

"I'm Jimmy Christian," he said. "On a mission for the American Government."

Sir John put down his glass. "Long ways from home, aren't you, bub? Well, what is it?"

"I don't know if you are aware of it, Sir John," said Christian, "but a large quantity of jewels have been coming into New York—jewels which have only one origin, Quetta."

Sir John's mouth fell open. "Impossible! Ever since the quake we've kept a hundred soldiers posted around the city. Not a single living thing has ever left the ruins—and lived. Banks of searchlights are kept going all night—"

"This should explain better, then." Jimmy took a paper from his pocket and handed it to Sir John. The latter scanned it briefly, then coughed.

"Egad!" he cried. "That's a list of the crown jewels of Baluchistan—Prince Hondu-dhu's property!"

"Precisely," Jimmy replied.

"But how can it be? Nobody knows about the jewels except this office . . ."

"That's what I'm getting at," Jimmy cut in. "The jewels were buried, according to our records, in the debris of the prince's palace at the time of the quake."

Sir John gulped. "I—I don't believe it. It simply can't be. Your New York information must be erroneous; they must be receiving duplicates. I tell you no one could get out of Quetta alive!"

Sir John would remain stubborn, Jimmy could see that. But he didn't intend to let this deter him. He knew the jewels were getting out of Quetta.

That night, when the blaze of searchlights had turned the night into day, he made the rounds of the city in company with two guards. They stayed well back from the high wire fence that encircled the entire city.

As they stood regarding a portion of the eastern fence, a huge, bloated rat scampered from the ruins and darted off across the plain. He had gone barely ten feet when a blast of machine-gun fire blew him to bits.

"You see," grinned one of the guards, "nothing ever gets very far away from Quetta. A man would receive the same thing."

"I see," Jimmy said. And decided that no man had ever run that gauntlet and lived.

Two days passed while Jimmy made minute inspection of every possible avenue of escape from the city. There was none. On the morning of the fourth day he borrowed a small plane and took off. From the air Quetta looked like a heap of crumbled ruins, which in fact it was. He could easily pick out the

palace of Prince Hondu-dhu—or what was left of it.

When he set down on the shimmering, baked landing field, an aide ran up and handed him a cablegram. It was from the FBI and it stated that another shipment of rare gems and gold objects had been received by a fence in Trenton, New Jersey. They went through customs, with a bill-of-sale made out to the fence and signed by a Henry Datu-khan of Lahore.

A quick trip to Lahore the next day unearthed no one by the name of Henry Datu-khan. Jimmy concluded that the name was a fictitious one.

"Well," said Sir John a couple of days later, "we are just where we started. Ready to give up?"

"Not on your life!" replied young Christian emphatically. "The stuff's getting out of here, and I mean to learn how."

A few hours later Jimmy was in the air again. He circled the city several times, studying the rough, precipitous hills that surrounded the great valley, leading off to the distant Himalayas. For an hour he saw nothing. Then suddenly in a narrow, deep gorge he glimpsed a flash of light. Sunlight gleaming on something shiny. On what? He flew low. He had no glasses, so was unable to distinguish anything so small. The flash seemed to waver, as if it were in motion. A man on horseback! A man with a shiny ornament on the top of his sun helmet! He remembered seeing such an ornament . . .

Jimmy charted the exact location of the gorge in his mind and headed back to the British compound. That night he got two Tommies to accompany him on foot into the hills. It was a long trek, and about two hours before dawn they came to the edge of the gorge. Getting down the walls of that tremendous slash was a feat, but they accomplished it by the time the sun was up.

"Well, boys," he said, "maybe we've found the answer. Come on!"

They walked to the end of the gorge, and there before them was the opening of a tunnel, at least ten feet in diameter.

They entered the bore, walked for a good two hours, and came to a large oak door. It was unlocked. Jimmy pushed it open. A stairway led upward. Before they began the ascent, Jimmy produced three modern gas masks.

"Put 'em on. They're perfect protection against bubonic."

The stairway ended at another door. This opened into a large, dark room. Jimmy cast the beam of his flash around. Then he let out an exclamation. The room on two sides was lined with shelves—shelves littered with baskets of gems, and heaps of small gold and silver trinkets.

"Well," he said, "they've left a few things, at least!"

"Jumpin' Jupiter!" gasped one of the Tommies. "It's the treasure room of Prince Hondudhu!"

He had hardly got the words out when a shot stabbed the gloom. The Tommies grabbed their pistols. Jimmy dropped to the floor.


"Hold it!" snapped a gruff voice. Jimmy was sure he had heard somewhere. "Make a move and you're dead!"

One of the soldiers whipped a shot, which was answered immediately by the man hidden in the treasure room. Jimmy had doused his light at the first shot. He began crawling across the room, silently. Before he had gone far, there was a rush of feet and the door slammed. Jimmy leaped to his feet. He reached the door in one jump. A clatter of foot-

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steps went down the stairs. "Stop!" Jimmy shouted, and fanned a shot at the retreating shadow. The door at the bottom of the stairway slammed shut.

"After him, men!" cried Jimmy, and went flying down the stairs, the Tommies right behind him. As they bounded after the fleeing man, stumbling over obstacles on the tunnel floor, Jimmy came to the conclusion that he knew who they were chasing.

The chase lasted almost an hour; the man ahead was an excellent sprinter, and whenever they rested, he did too. At length they saw light ahead. As they came out into the open, a man on horseback galloped out of a clump of bushes. He was riding low in the saddle, his head held at an angle. He snapped three shots at them, none of them finding a target.

"Stop!" yelled Jimmy. One of the Tommies fired. The man pitched out of the saddle, and rolled a dozen feet. He lay still. He was dead when they reached him.

The Tommy who had shot him cried out, almost collapsing in the dust.

"I knew it," said Jimmy quietly. "He was so certain that no one was getting the stuff out of Quetta, so very certain, that I suspected him from the first. Well, let's get him tied on a horse. It's a long trek back. So he was Henry Datu-khan . . . Sir John Elton-Blake, bandit!"

ANOTHER JIMMY CHRISTIAN STORY
THE MONSTER
IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF
SMASH COMICS / ON SALE
OCTOBER 17TH

TOPS BY

test pilot

STANDARDS



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ROOKIE RANKIN

by Arthur Peddy

EVEN WHEN OFF DUTY, ROOKIE RANKIN MANAGES TO FIND TROUBLE AND THIS TIME IT'S A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.



ROOKIE GOES OUT AFTER GROCERIES.

CAN YOU REMEMBER WHAT I WANT OR SHALL I WRITE IT DOWN?

I WON'T FORGET.



NOW LET'S SEE, HAMBURGER? NO... CHOPS? OR WAS IT LIVER? NO... AW, SHUCKS!



SUDDENLY LIKE A BOLT FROM THE BLUE..

I'VE GOT IT! FISH! I'LL GO TO GUS POPPALOPALOUS AND BUY IT FROM HIM!



MY MOTHER WANTS A NICE FAT MACKEREL, GUS.

HOKAY, BOSS!





.. AND TO A FISHING SMACK
ANCHORED IN THE HARBOR.



HE GOES ABOARD AND FACES
"THE SQUID."



HERE IS A
FINE FEESH. A
PRAZZENT TO YOU
FROM ME, MR.
SQUID. TOO BAD
YOU DON'T GOT
A COOK LIKE
ROOKIE
RANKIN?

HUH?

ROOKIE IS MADE A PRISONER
IN A CABIN.

IF YOUSE
GET LONESOME,
COPPER, YOUSE
CAN PLAY TAG
WIT' THE
RATS!



OH..SO
YOUR PALS
WANT TO
PLAY
GAMES?



BUT GUS HAS SEEN ROOKIE
DRAGGED TO THE SHIP AND
FOLLOWS.



I, GUS
POPPALOPALOUS
AM NOT SO DUMB!
LOOK! I, GUS
POPPALOPALOUS
HAVE IDEA?

"THE SQUID'S" MOUTH
BEGINS TO WATER AND
HE BARKS A COMMAND.



MMM? HIS CODFISH A LA
AVOCADO MALTS IN YOUR
MOUTH?
WELL, I
GOING
NOW.
GOOM-
BYE!



TELL
THAT
COP TO
START
COOKIN'!



BUT I
CAN'T
EVEN
MAKE
TOAST!

SHEDDUP?
C'MON WIT'
ME TO
THE GALLEY.
KITCHEN,
TO YOU!

ROOKIE IS LOCKED IN THE
GALLEY.



I DON'T
GET IT!

HE CUTS OPEN THE FISH.



A GUN?
GOOD
FOR
GUS?

A HALF HOUR PASSES AND THEN



AH! THE MUGS COMING BACK!



THAT FISH READY YET? WHERE IS IT?



HERE!



BLOOPS!

SMACK!



OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE!

OOW!

A RIGHT BY ROOKIE DEPOSITS HIM ON THE HOT STOVE.

THE YOUNG COP RUSHES OUT ON DECK.



"THE SQUID" FIRES.



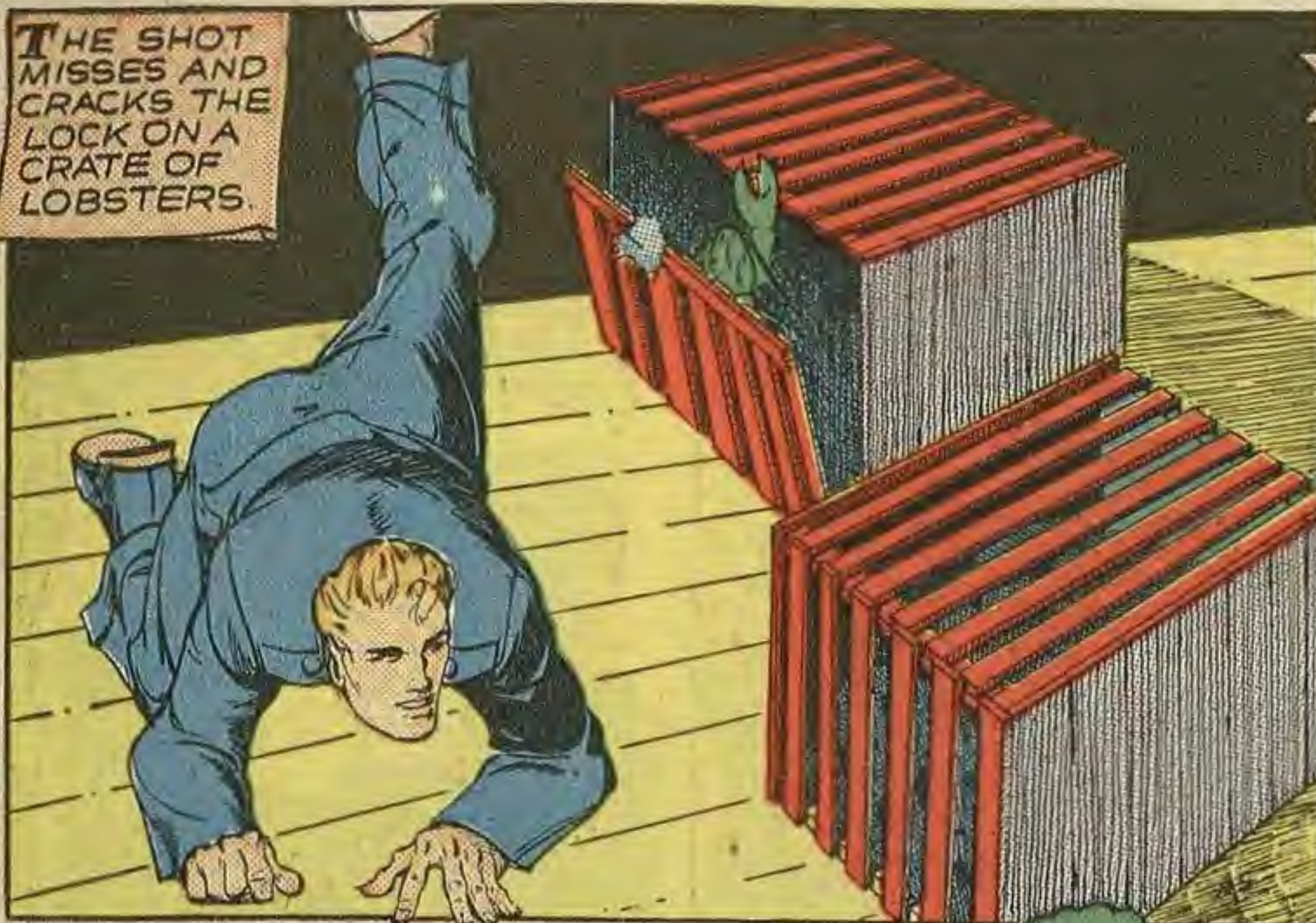
THIS'LL FIX YOU!

BUT ROOKIE RANKIN SLIPS ON A DEAD FISH.



DROPPED MY GUN. OOPS!

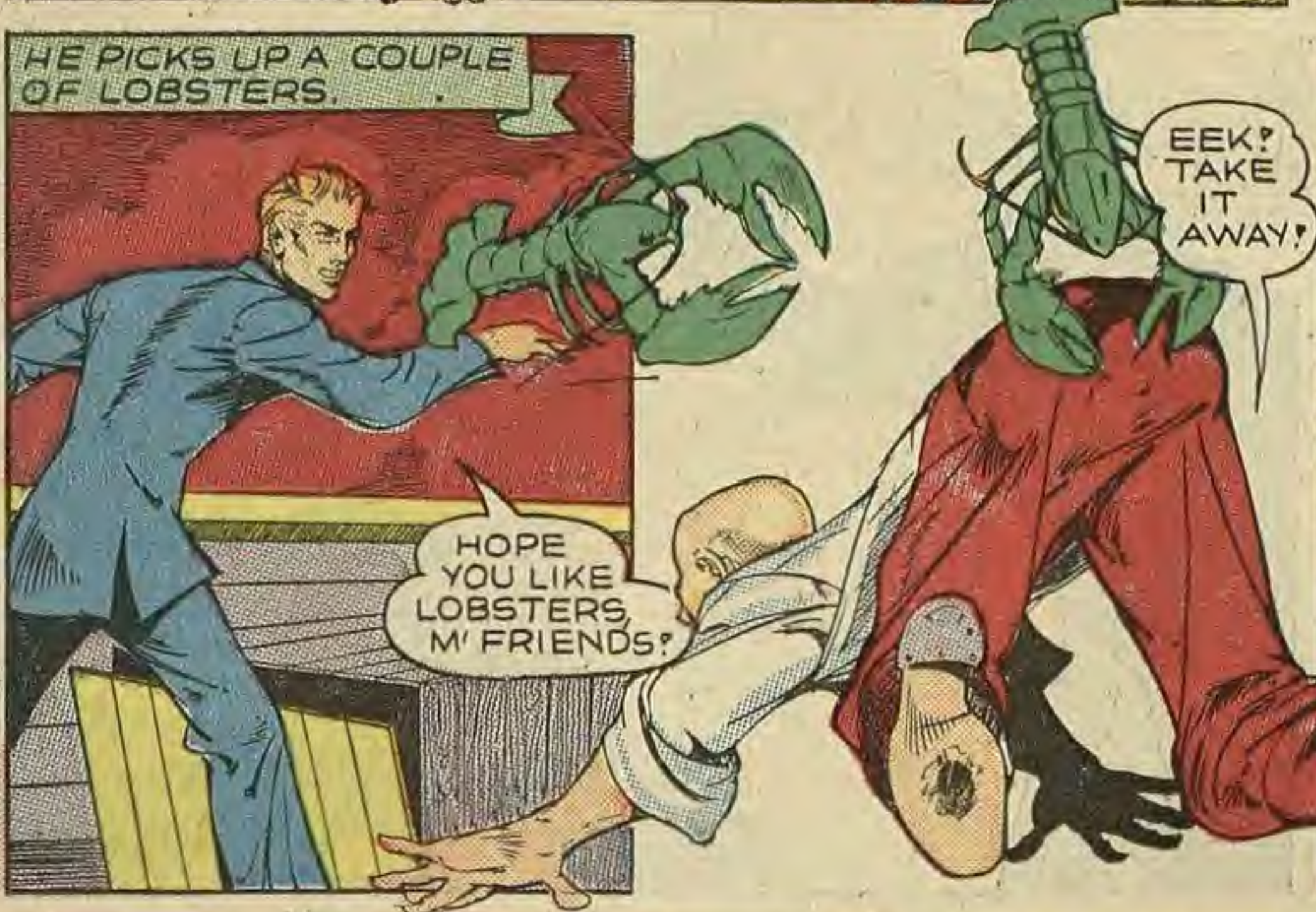
THE SHOT
MISSES AND
CRACKS THE
LOCK ON A
CRATE OF
LOBSTERS.



THE CREW CHARGES AT
ROOKIE.



HE PICKS UP A COUPLE
OF LOBSTERS.



ROOKIE DIVES FOR A ROPE.



AND SWINGS INTO THE CREW,
HIS FISTS FLAILING.

THAT FOR
YOU!



THE THUGS ARE KICKED OVER
THE SIDE.



GUS CLIMBS OVER THE RAIL WITH A STRANGE WEAPON.



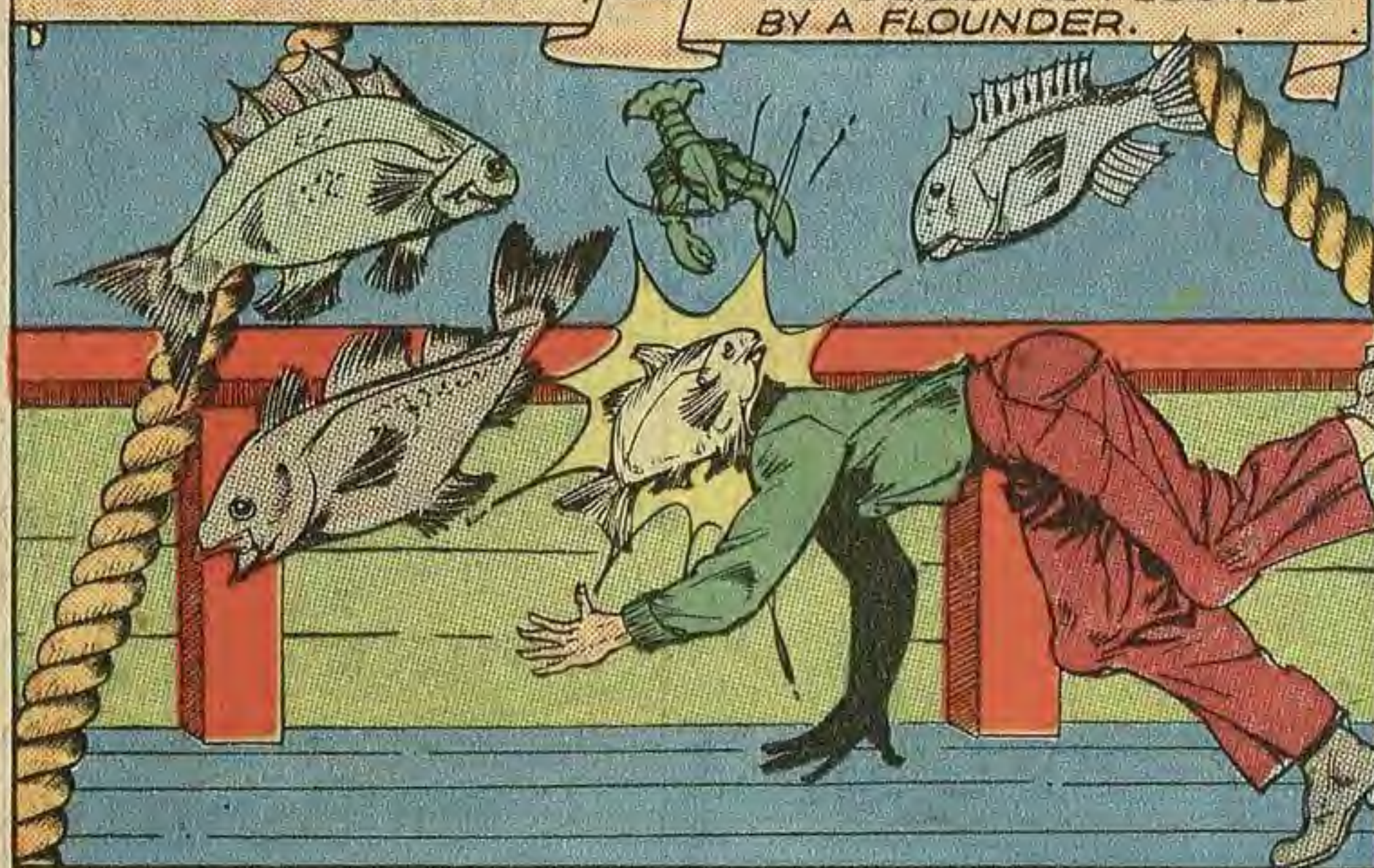
HE WRAPS IT AROUND A THUG'S NECK.



ROOKIE AND GUS OPEN FIRE WITH FISH FOR AMMUNITION.



FISH FLY LIKE BULLETS.



POLICE CAR SIRENS SCREAM AS THE POLICE ARRIVE AND PULL UP TO THE DOCK.



SARGE BURNS CLIMBS ABOARD AND ROOKIE ACCIDENTALLY SMACKS HIM WITH A STURGEON.



WHY YOU-YOU! I'LL HAVE YOU SUSPENDED, FINED AND... AND...



BUT AT HOME, MA RANKIN ALMOST FAINTS AS THEY COME IN.



BOZO the ROBOT



THE STAR
vol. 11, 51
MAY 1944
16c

**5TH AVE. ROBBERY
FOILED BY IRON MAN.**

**MACHINE GUN
BULLETS FAIL TO
STOP ROBOT.**

**ENTIRE GANG
CAUGHT AND TURNED
OVER TO THE POLICE.**

THE NEWS IS READ BY
"SLIP" TALONE, GANGLAND'S
BIG BOSS ----



THIS IRON MAN'S
GOTTA BE
STOPPED!

I GOT
AN IDEA--

IT BETTER
BE GOOD--ANY
SLIP-UPS AN' IT'S
TOO BAD FOR
US!



SURE--
BUT HOW?

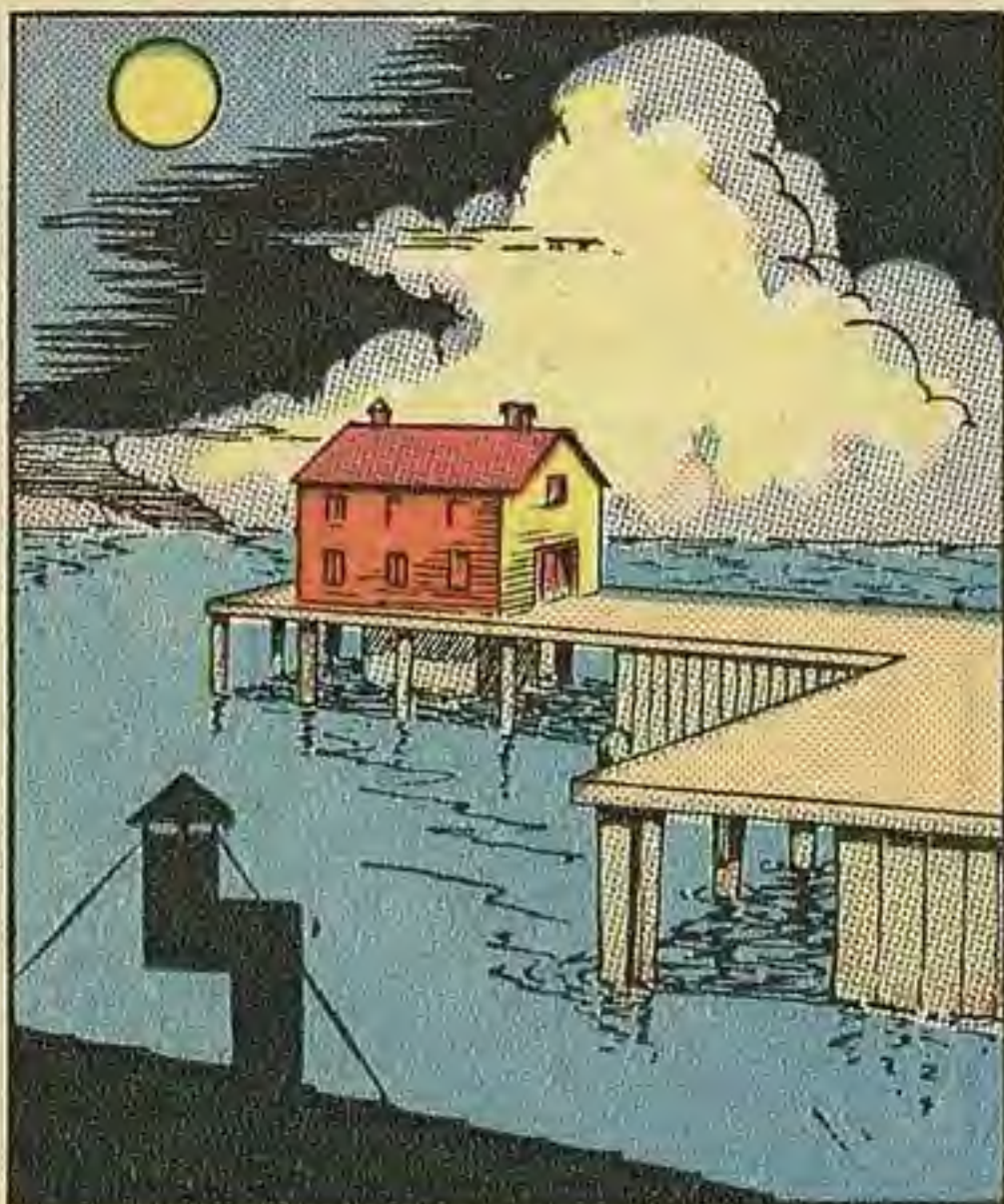
BULLETS
AIN'T
NO
GOOD!



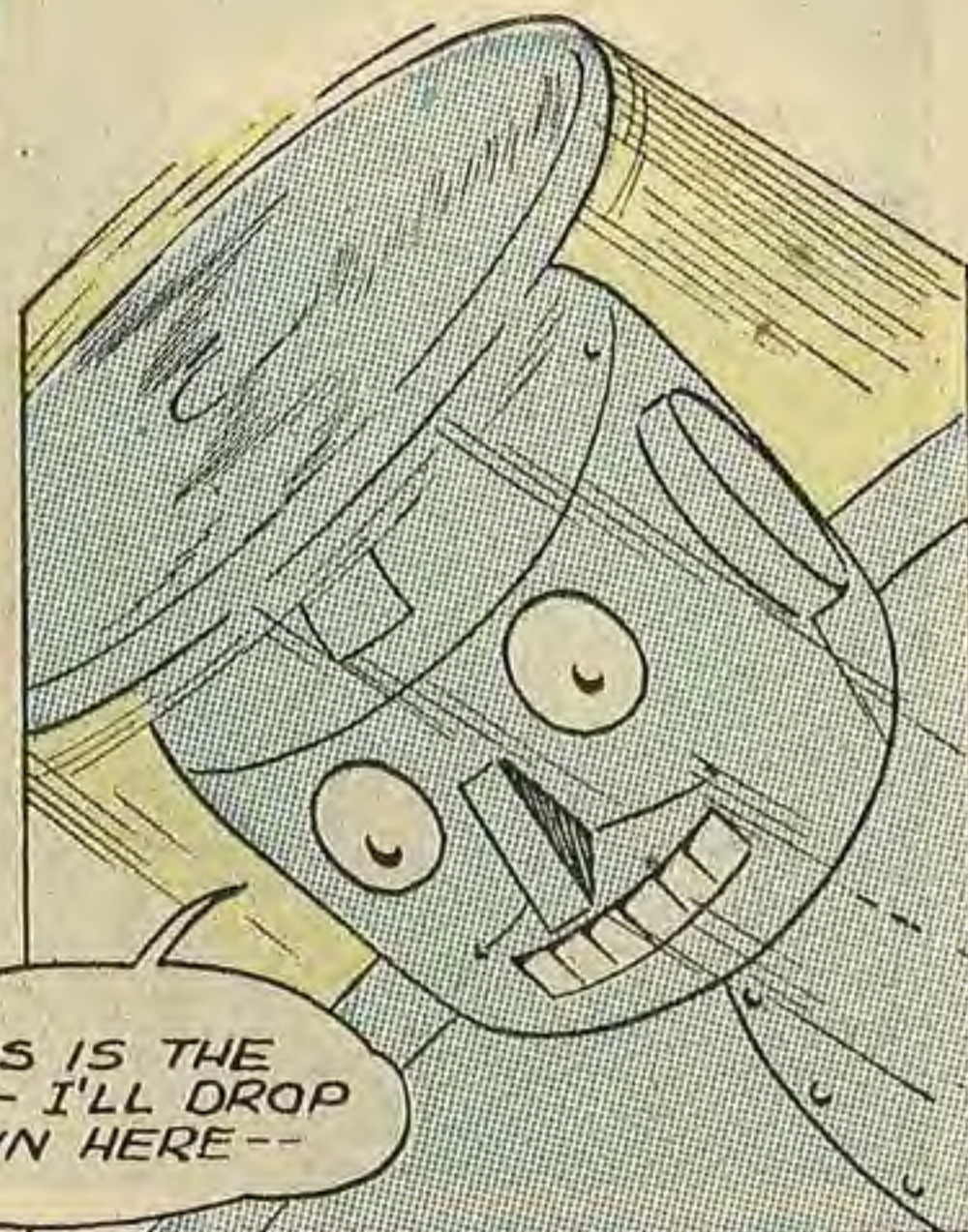
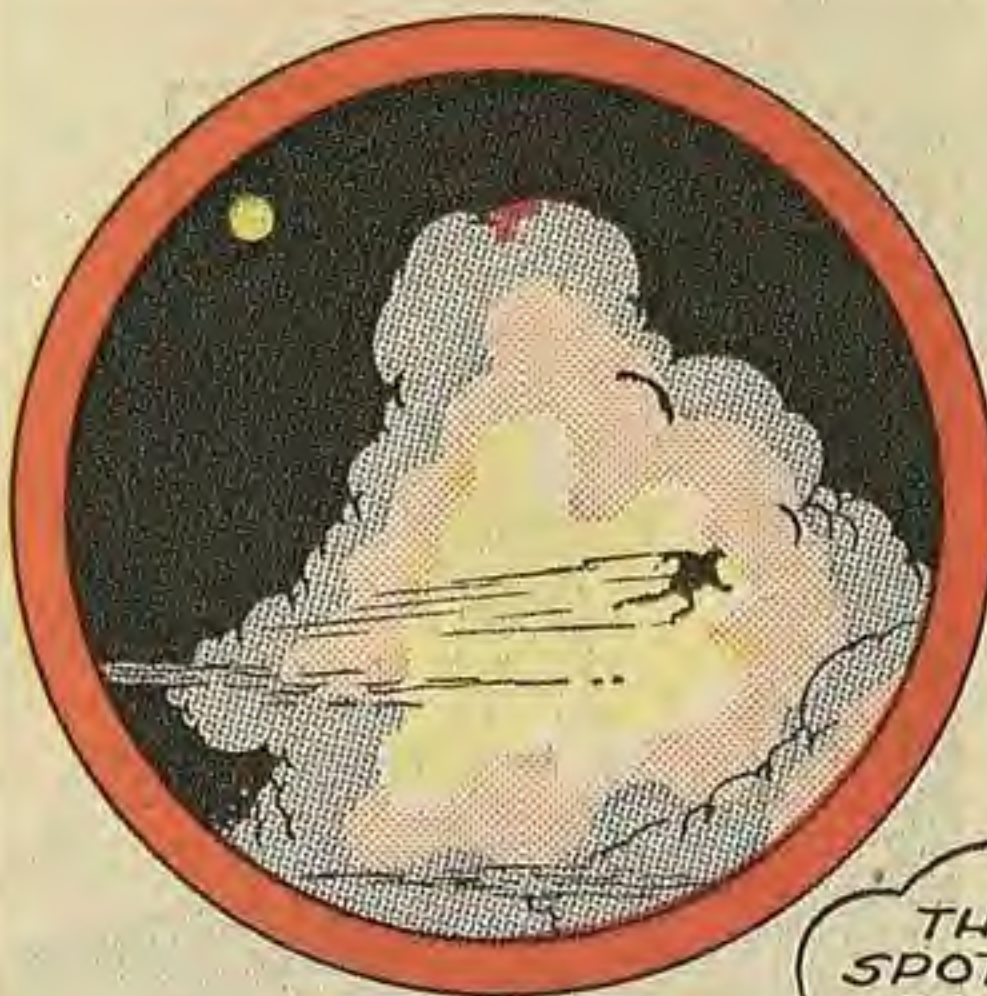
THIS ONE WON'T
FAIL, LISTEN---

by **WAYNE REID.**

A DESERTED LIVE FISH STORAGE
HOUSE STANDS DESOLATELY
ON AN OLD PIER--



THROUGH THE AIR STREAKS
THE IRON MAN, INDESTRUCTIBLE
CRIME FIGHTER--



THIS IS THE
SPOT- I'LL DROP
DOWN HERE--

THE ROBOT APPROACHES
THE CRUMBLING SHACK--



UNOILED HINGES PROTEST
LOUDLY UNDER BOZO'S PRESSURE--



IT SURE IS DARK
IN HERE--

IT'S COMIN',
SLIP--



GOOD-LET'S
GO DOWN-
STAIRS!

DOESN'T LOOK
LIKE ANYONE'S
IN HERE--



YES THERE
IS, SUCKER--

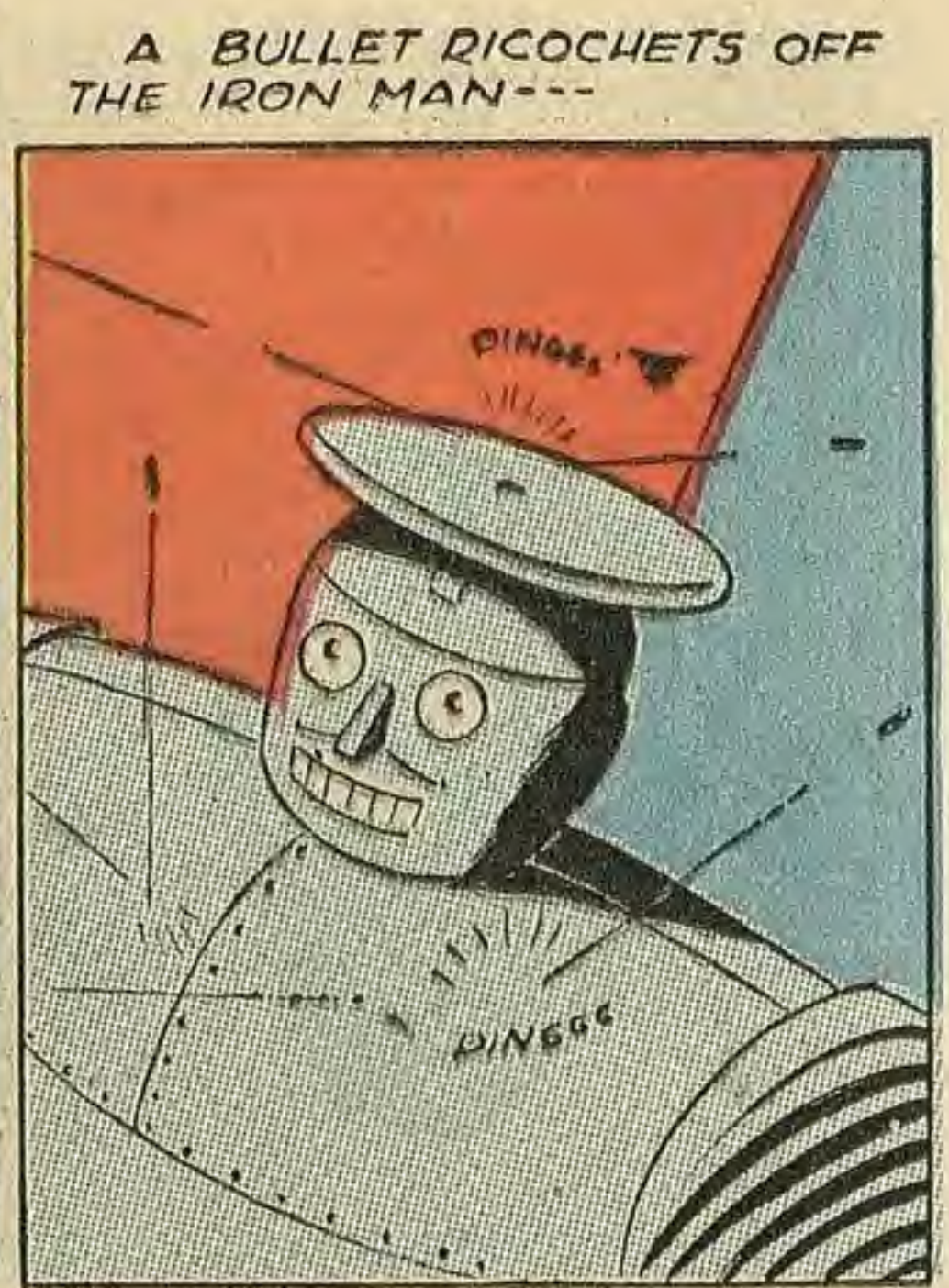
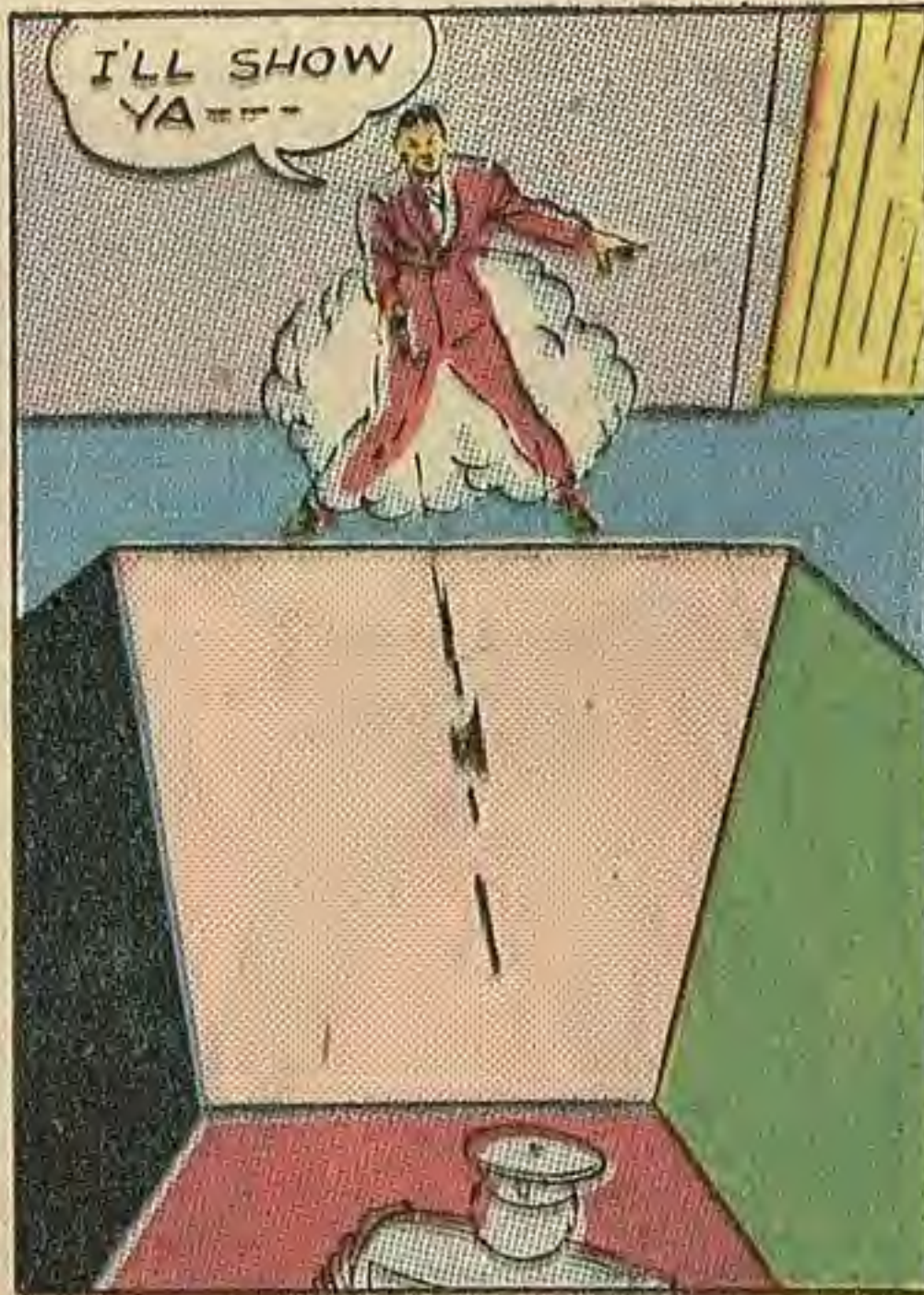
THE IRON MAN STREAKS
TOWARD THE VOICE--



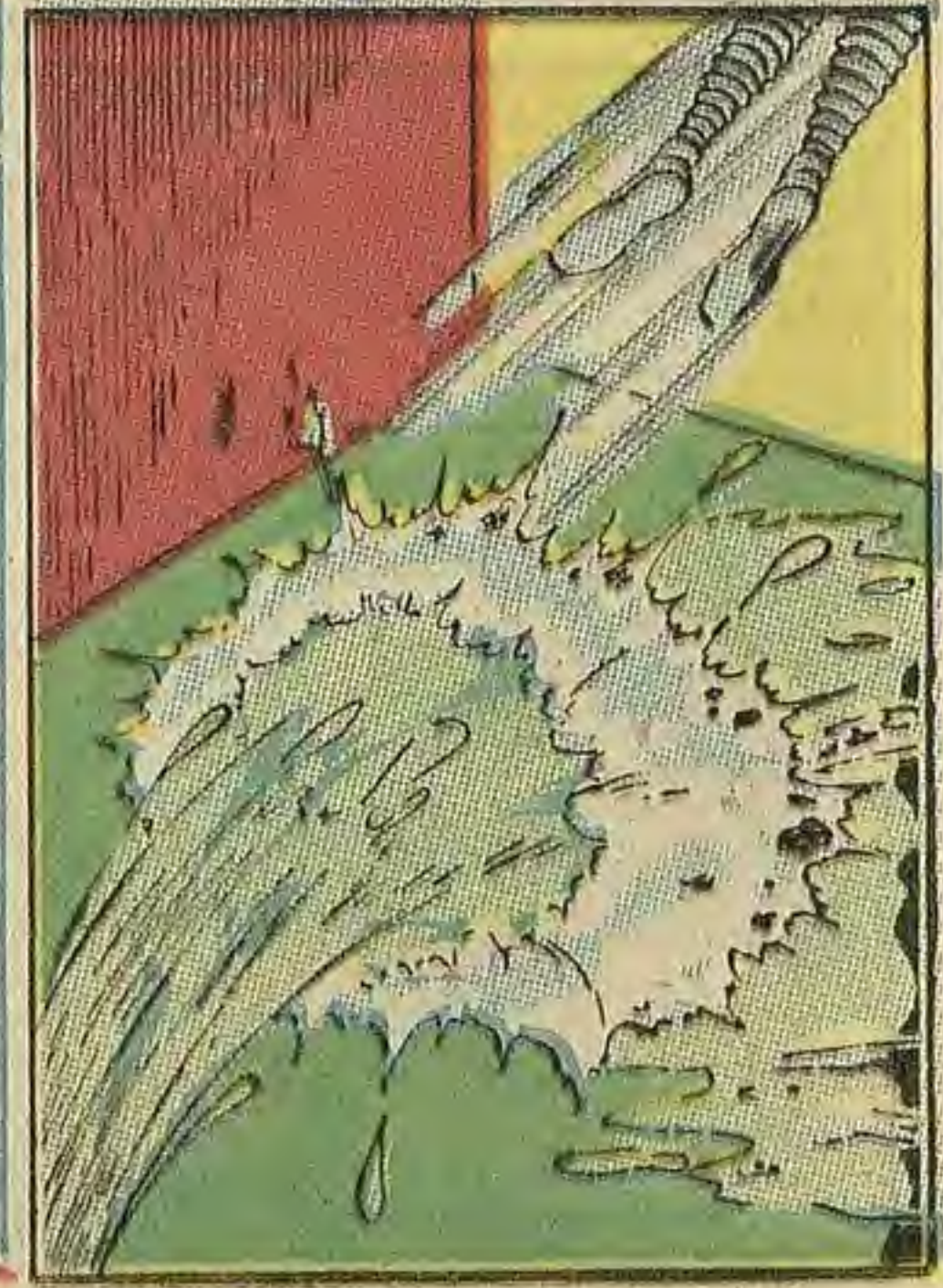
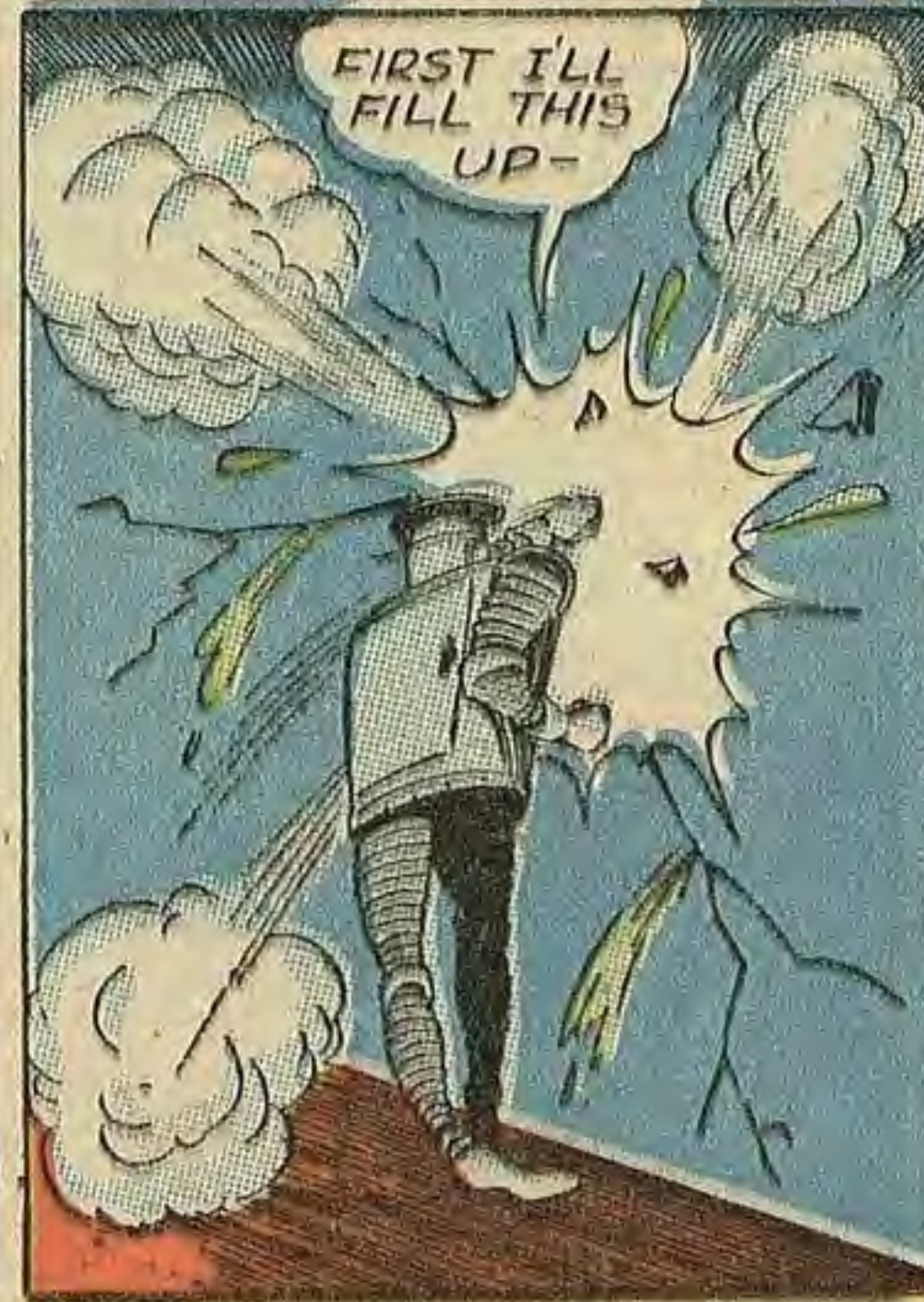
SUDDENLY THE IRON MAN'S
BODY HURTLES DOWNWARD--

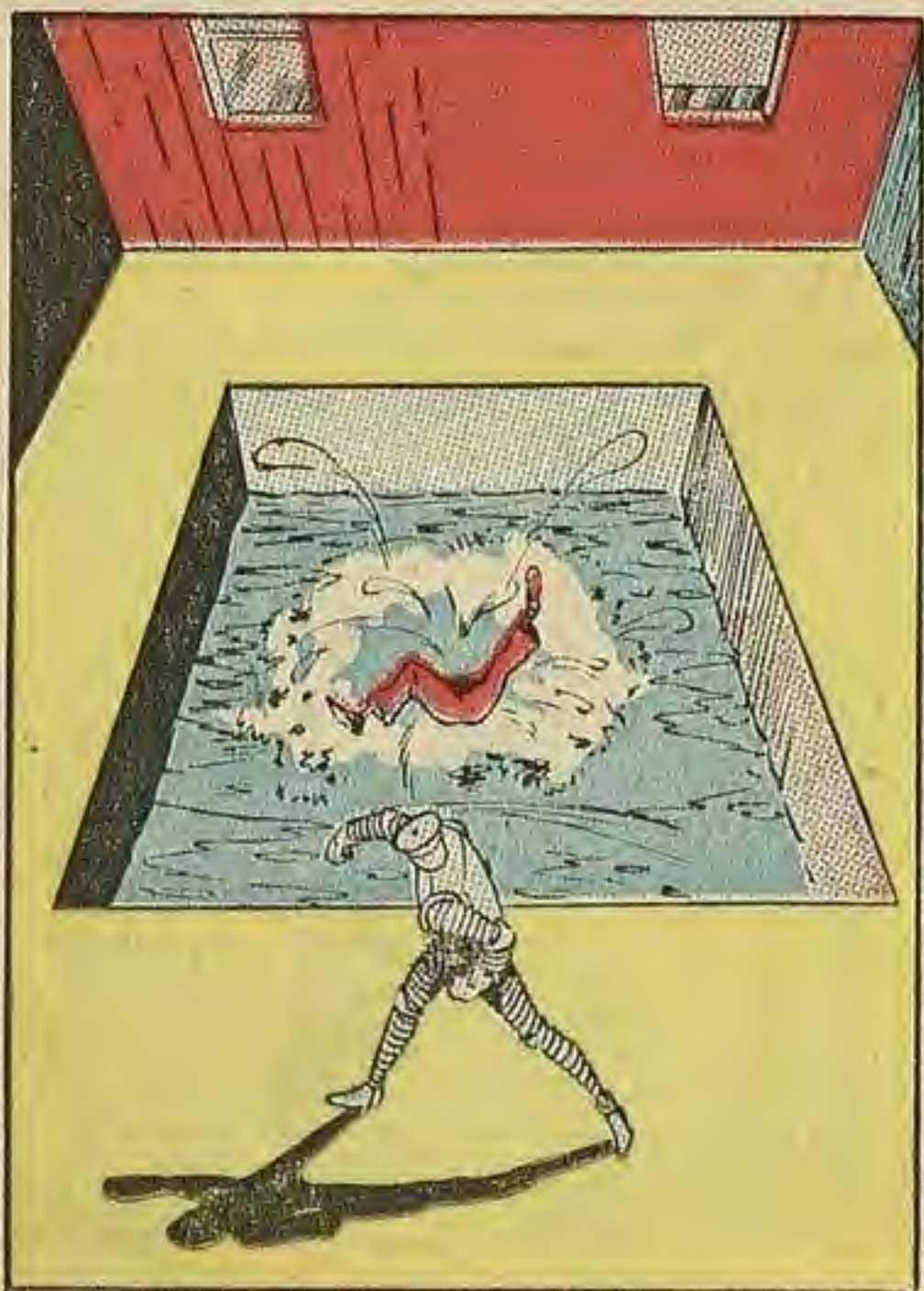
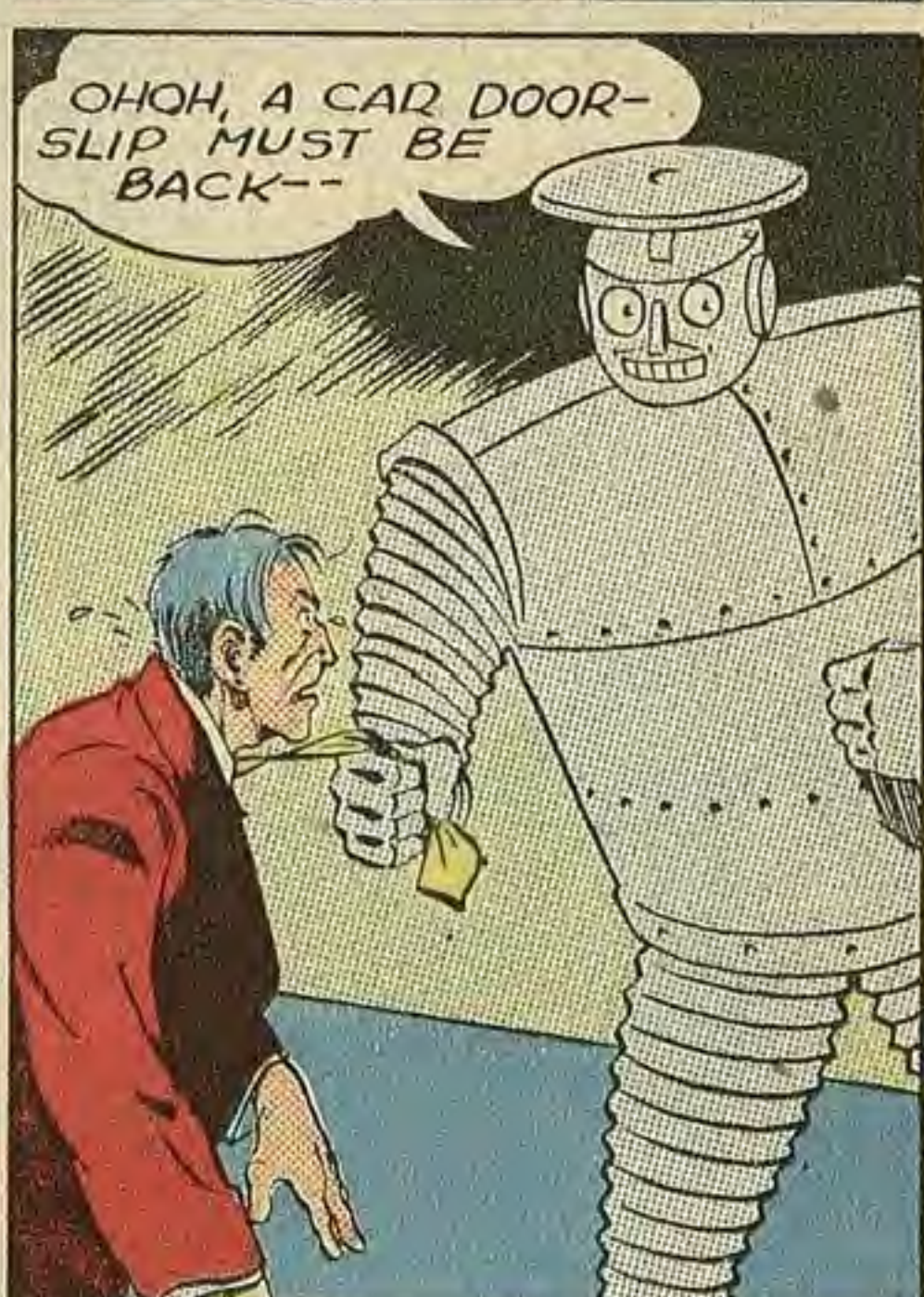
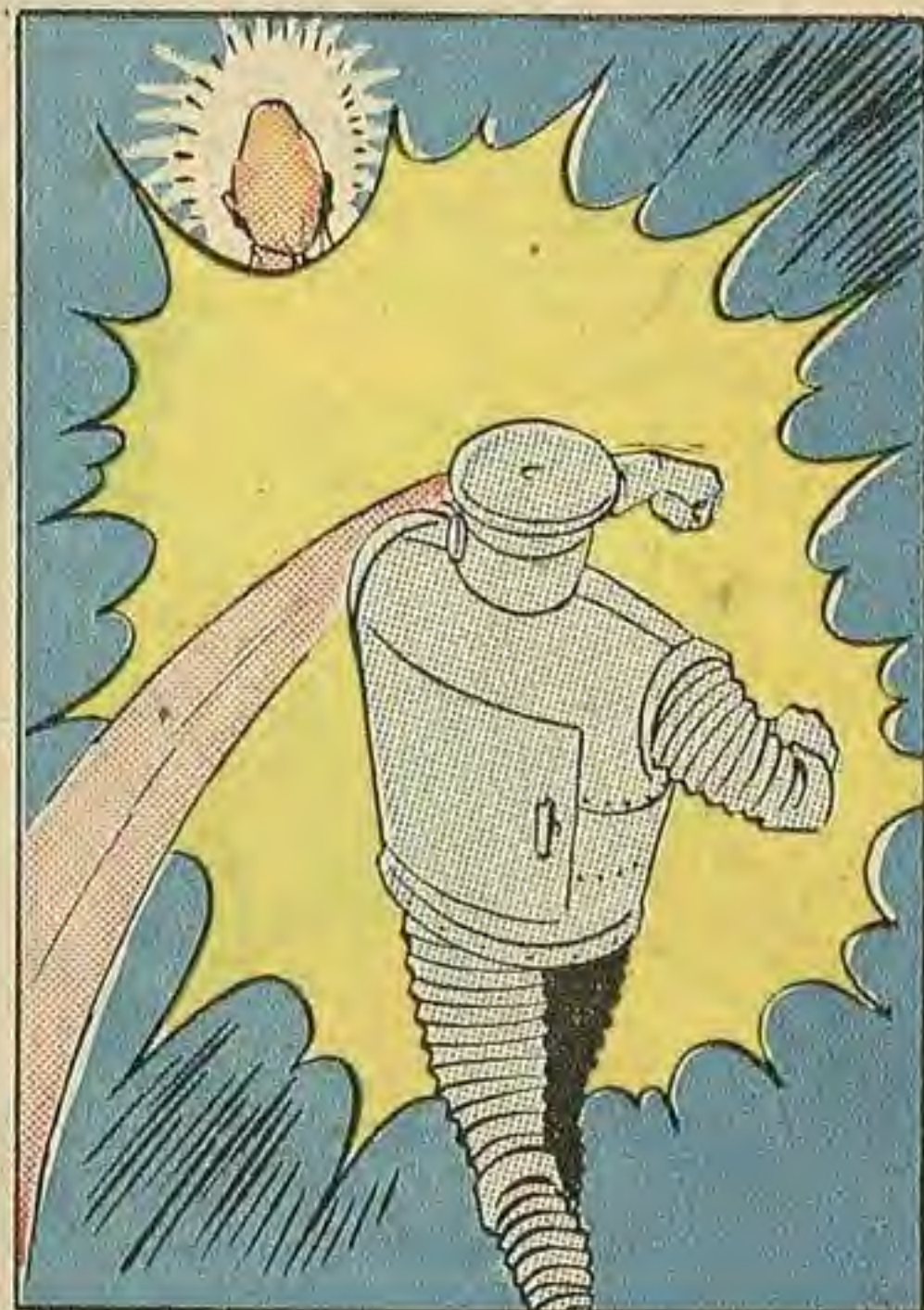


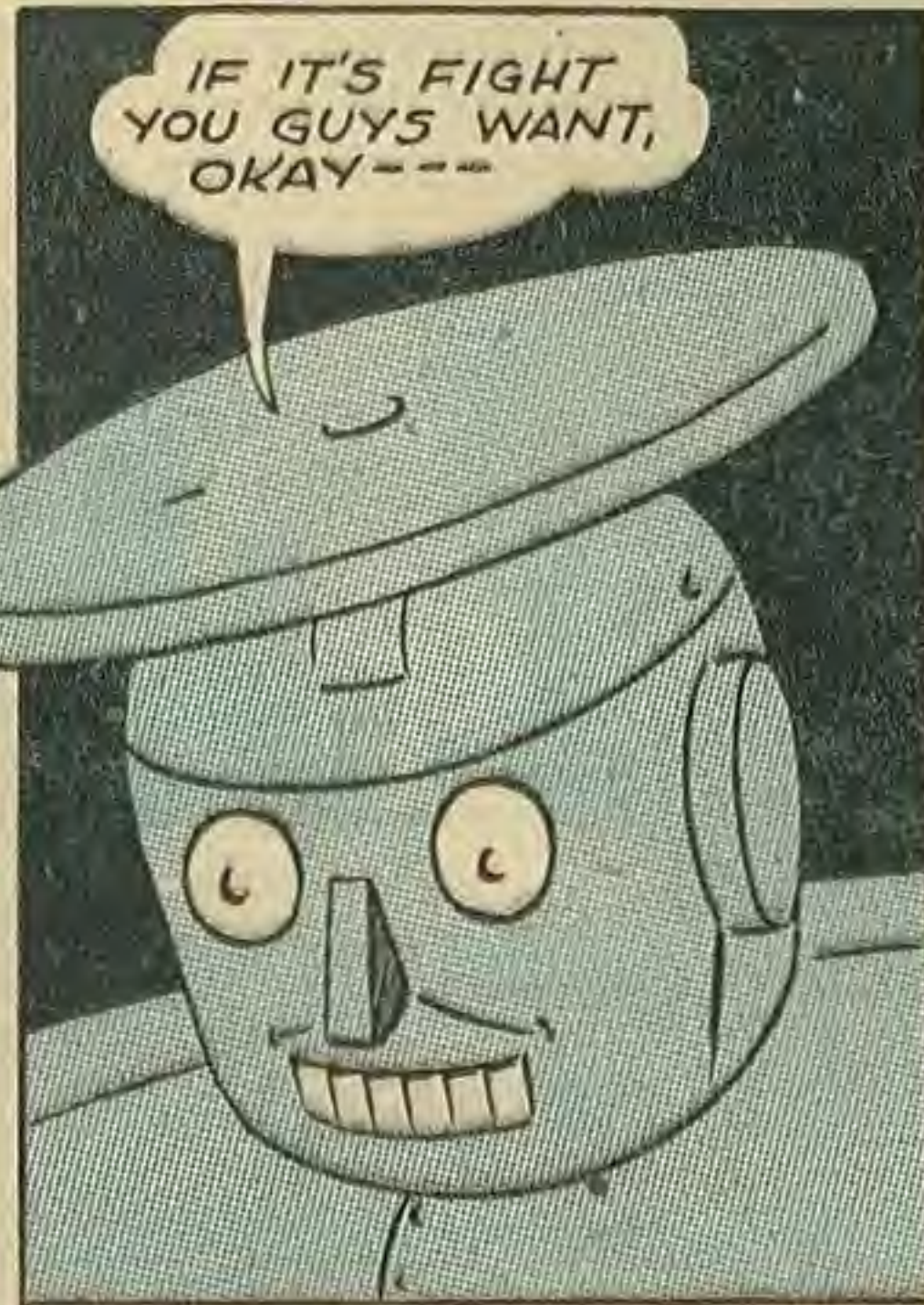




AND COMES TO REST IN THE HEART OF ONE OF THE GANGSTERS







THE FRIGHTENED GANG LEADER
RACES THROUGH THE STREETS -



TH' MORE DISTANCE
I PUT BETWEEN THAT
THING AN' ME, TH'
BETTER I'LL LIKE
IT!

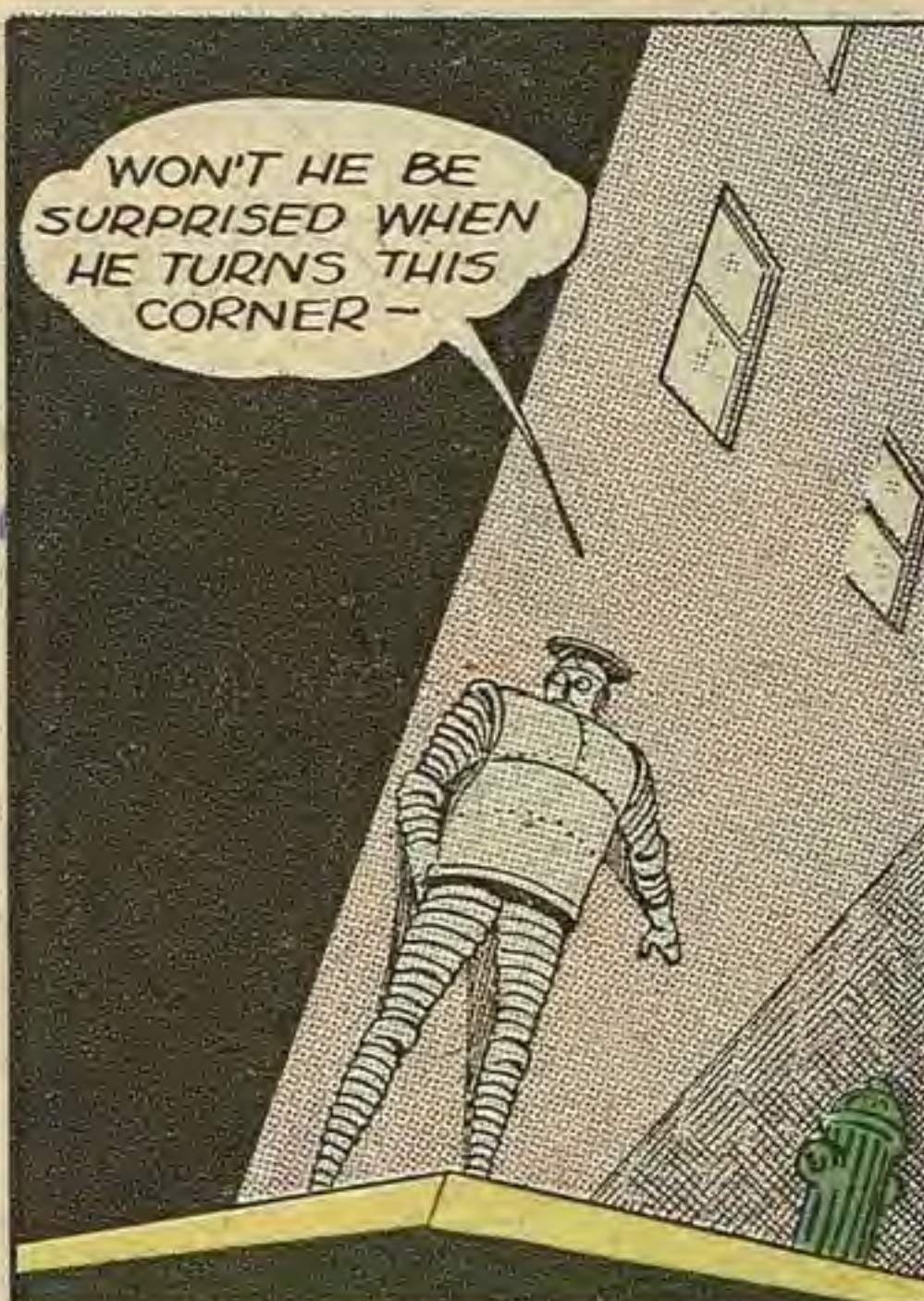


THERE HE
GOES - I'LL HAVE
A LITTLE FUN
WITH HIM -

THE ALERT BOZO SPOTS THE
FLEEING CROOK----

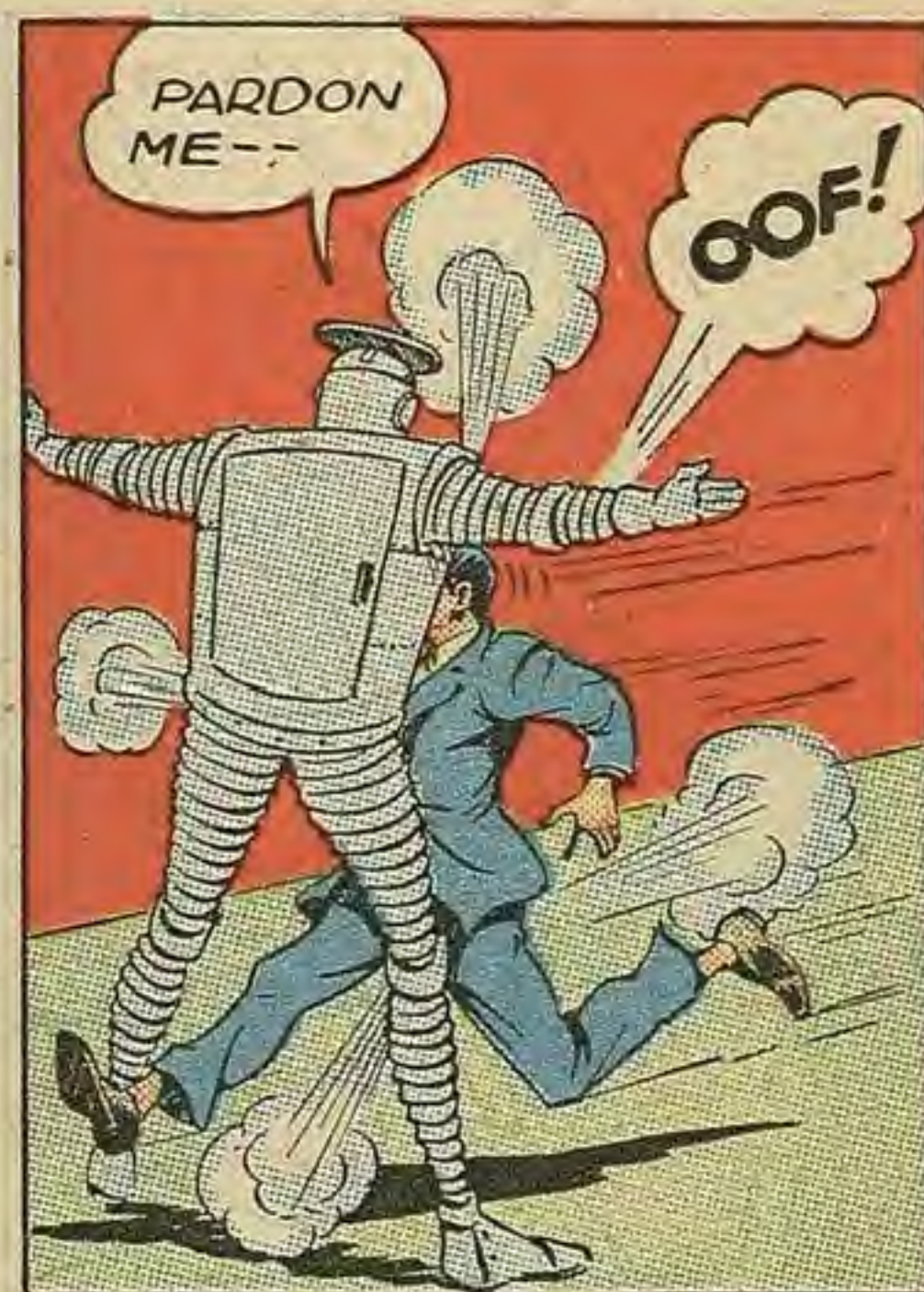


WON'T HE BE
SURPRISED WHEN
HE TURNS THIS
CORNER -



PARDON
ME--

OOF!

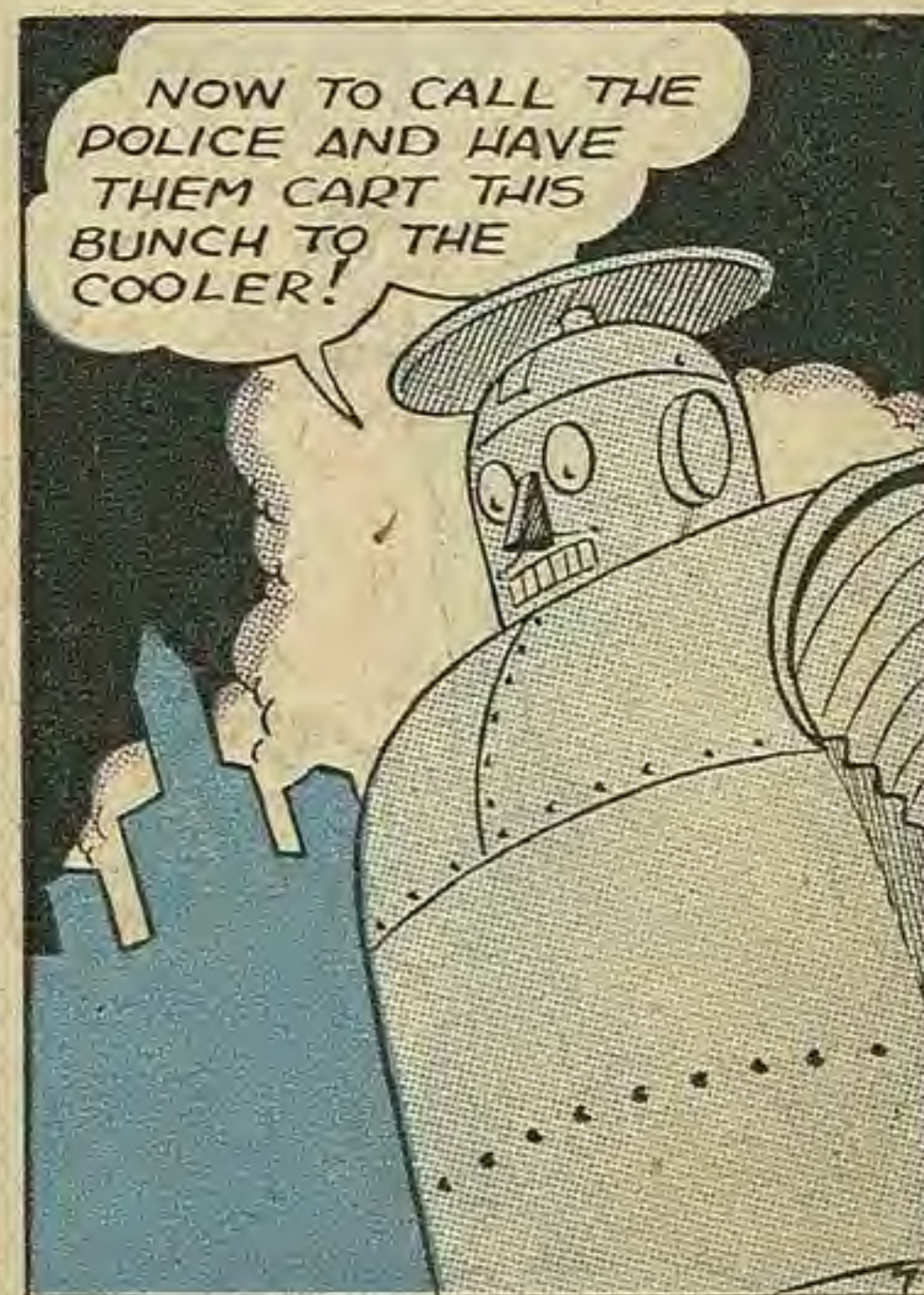
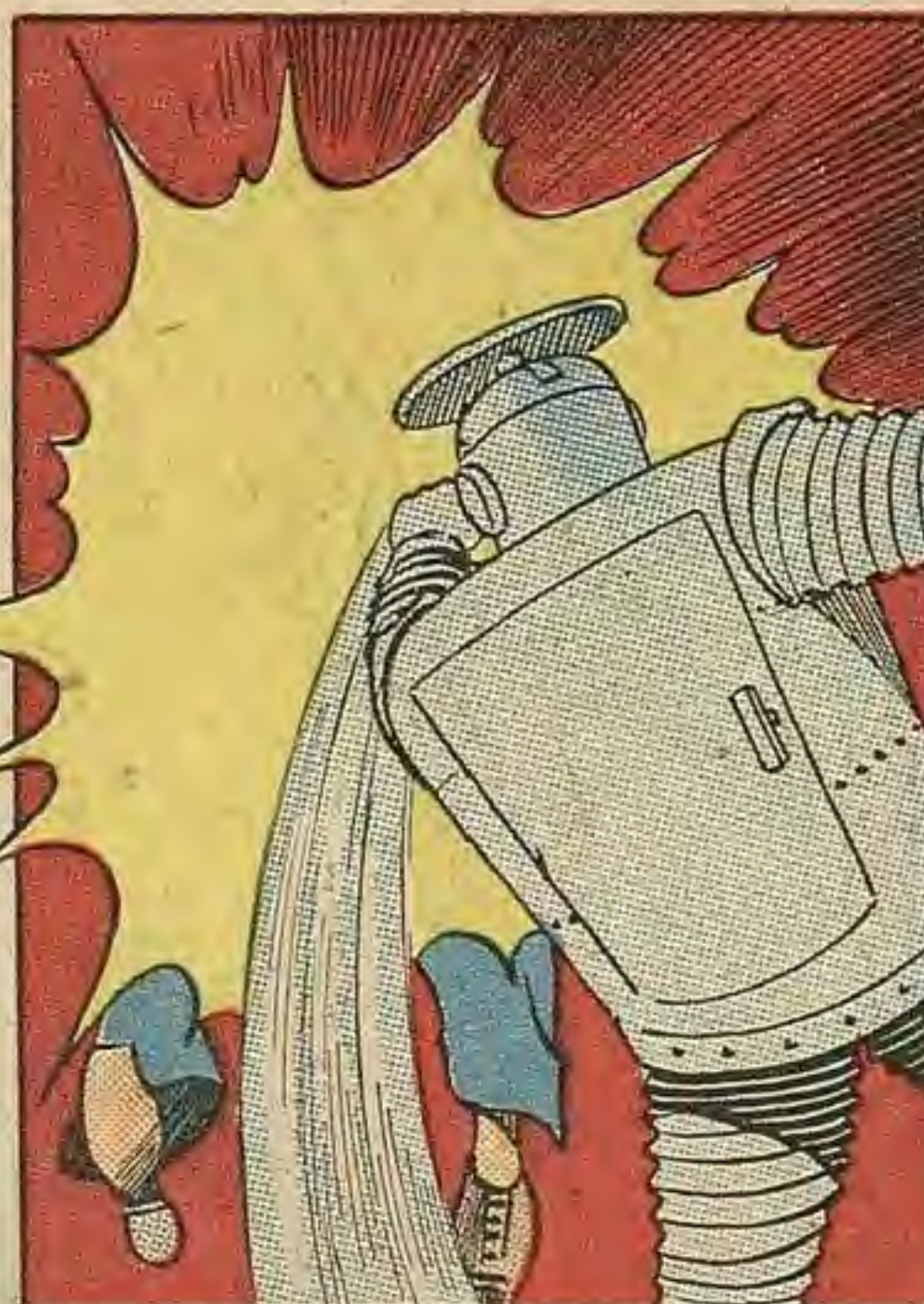


BUT HAVEN'T
WE MET
BEFORE?

YAAAAAAA!



NOW TO CALL THE
POLICE AND HAVE
THEM CART THIS
BUNCH TO THE
COOLER!



Follow Bozo The Robot in the December issue of SMASH COMICS.